

# The American Girl

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DECEMBER

For All Girls

Edited by the Girl Scouts

1944



# MAKING METALS TELL THEIR SECRETS

*The Story of Mrs. Constance B. Brodie*



↑ Although chemistry was Connie Beams' chief interest in high school, she still found time to cook and to make her own clothes. From high school she went to Pratt Institute to learn more about science.

Two brothers and a sister were her comrades during pleasant summers spent at Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey. Swimming and boating were a welcome change from school work.



→ After finishing Pratt, Connie took a job in Newark, where she started her career in metallography. A year later she married a Schenectady man; continued making her metal analyses at the G-E Research Laboratory.



→ Mrs. Brodie has examined thousands of samples of metal—polishing them smoother than any mirror, etching them with acid, photographing their crystal structure which is magnified as many as 3000 times.

THE small girl who watched her father work in the laboratory of his dental office is now in charge of a whole section of the General Electric Research Laboratory. She and her assistants study, with high-power microscopes and cameras, the intricate crystal patterns that hold the secrets of important metals and alloys.

Mrs. Brodie has liked laboratory work ever since she was a child. Today her hobby is also a war job; she's helping to test and improve the materials which go into G-E war equipment—is helping to bring Victory sooner. General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.



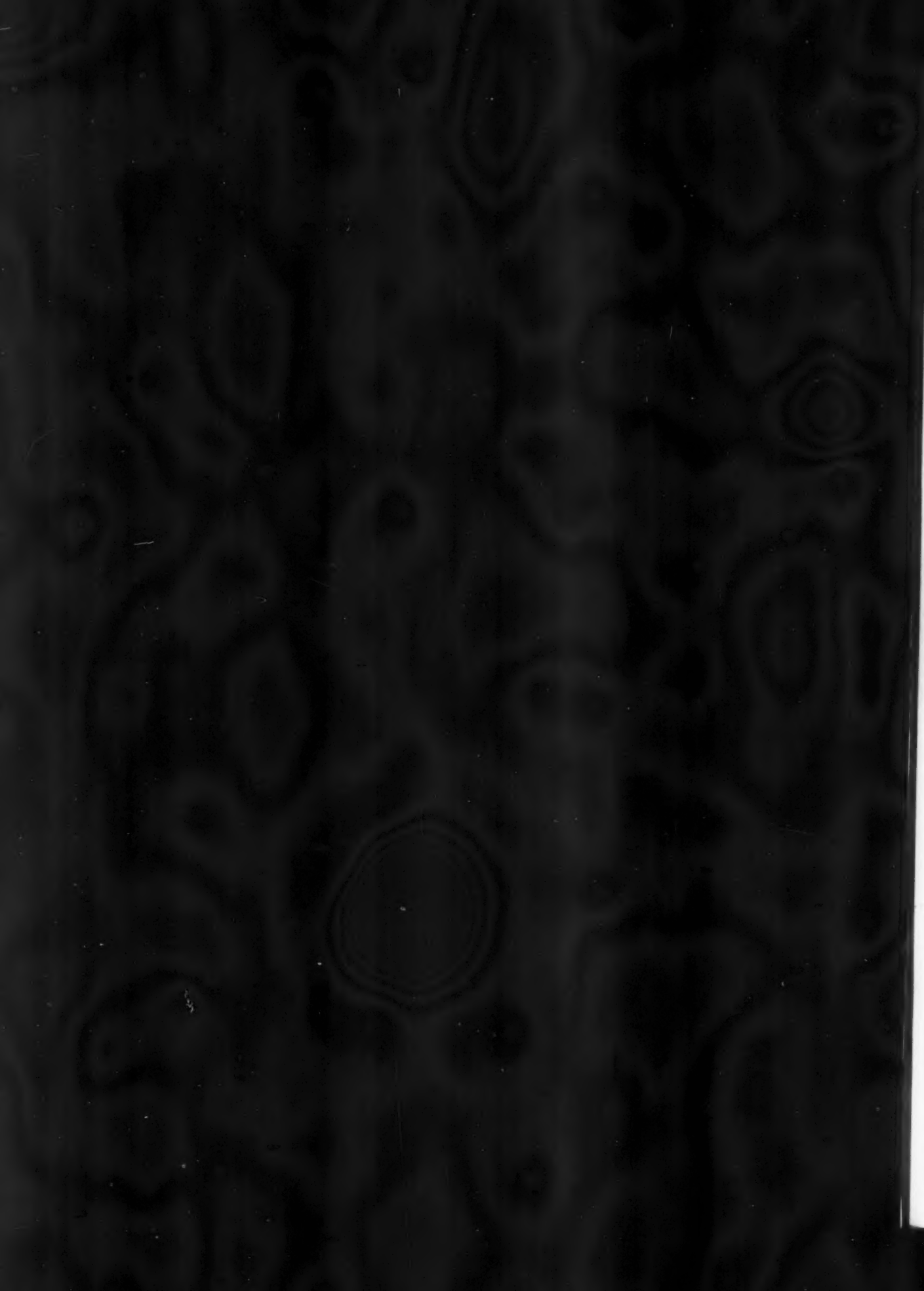
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# THE AMERICAN GIRL

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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## BUSY -- BUT BEAUTIFUL

by Constance Lift Hahn

HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

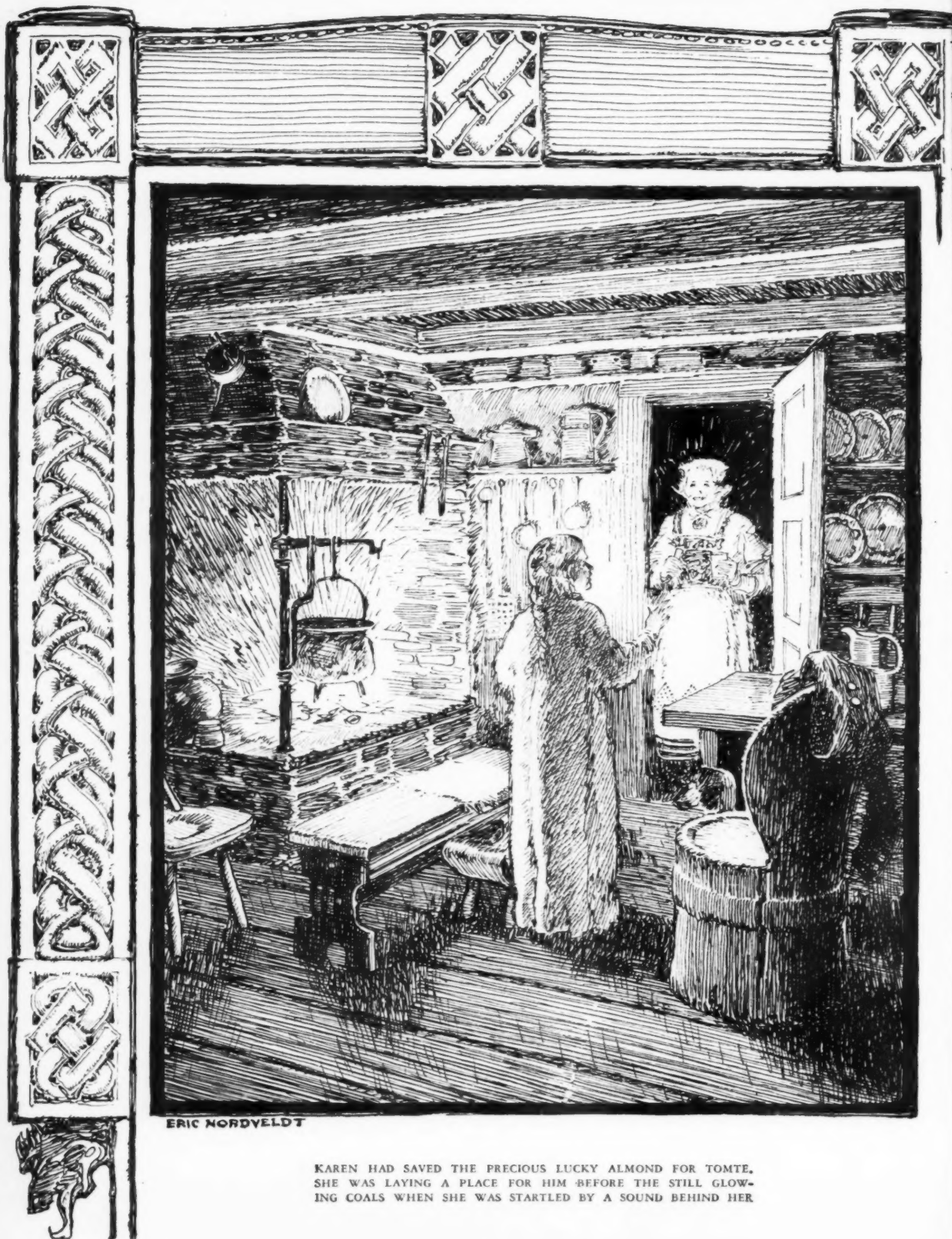
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ERIC NORDVELDT

KAREN HAD SAVED THE PRECIOUS LUCKY ALMOND FOR TOMTE. SHE WAS LAYING A PLACE FOR HIM BEFORE THE STILL GLOWING COALS WHEN SHE WAS STARTLED BY A SOUND BEHIND HER

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1944

*We'll Always Have*

## CHRISTMAS

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

*A heartening story about  
a Norwegian family who  
celebrated Christmas in  
the traditional way in  
spite of Nazi oppression*

Illustrated by

ERIC NORDVELDT



TOMTE, THE HOUSEHOLD TROLL



THE snow came down with gentle persistence, almost hiding the road; the sleigh bells jingled as the mare tossed her head to get rid of the huge flakes that bothered her eyes. Karen wondered how Grandfather had been able to save the bells—the Germans had made collections of all metal articles so often that it was a miracle to have anything metal left.

The bells hadn't been on the shafts in Oslo. Grandfather had fastened them on only after they were out of town, beyond the last city patrol. It was lucky he had thought of making the trip to Oslo to bring her and her family to the farm for Christmas, for there was no space for civilians on trains and no Norwegian had any gas for an automobile. The Nazis had taken it.

Karen turned her head to look at her mother in the back seat, and at little Olav leaning sleepily against her shoulder. Yes, it was good of Grandfather to come to get them all for Christmas. Since Father had left for England, that stormy night in the autumn, no effort to brighten living in their Oslo home had seemed to avail.

She knew her mother had worried about food for Christmas. Even if one had ration cards, there was seldom anything in the

shops you could get with them. But Grandmother always managed a little extra food. In the country it was easier. In the country, sometimes you still felt—for a few moments, at least—almost as though the war had never come.

Karen was peering through the snow now, hoping to catch the outline of the carved gables of her grandparents' house. Even in the years of peace, the gray, low house, with stables and storehouses forming a court about it—and far below the village and the fjord—had been home to her.

"Home for Christmas!" she murmured, her voice happy, and Grandfather nodded his head, his tall sheepskin cap swaying. He brushed the snow from his mustache. "Home for Christmas!" he repeated.

She looked up at his grim, handsome face and noticed the new lines about his eyes and about his mouth, and noted how silver-white his hair had turned. This fourth year of war had been pretty bad for Grandfather, too, she realized. Uncle Gunnar and Uncle Thorvald had sailed for England early in the year; her three boy cousins were all gone; young Thor, on his seventeenth birthday, had escaped to Sweden on skis. There wasn't anyone left to work the farm and provide food except Grand-



OVER THE CRISP SNOW  
THE VILLAGERS CAME  
FROM ALL DIRECTIONS  
FOR THE DAWN SERVICE

father himself—and the Germans had confiscated his livestock. "Did they even take the old red cow?" she asked suddenly. There was no necessity to explain whom she meant by "they."

Her grandfather looked down at her. "No, they left her," he said. "And we have a few lambs."

The old mare pricked up her ears and began to move faster. And then they were driving through the farm gate. Through the lessening snow flurry, Karen saw her grandmother standing in the open doorway, her shawl over her shoulders. In the court, unthreshed sheaves of oats had already been tied to two poles—a Christmas feast for the birds; and outside, at the foot of the steps, was a mat of fresh-smelling spruce branches, neatly interlocked, forming a fragrant green rug on which to wipe snowy feet.

Grandmother, at the door, called the Christmas greeting, "God Jul!"

Little Olav was wide awake now. He jumped out of the sleigh with a shout. "Is it Christmas at last? God Jul to you, too, Grandmother!"

From the cow shed a girl Karen's age, her cousin Gerd, ran to greet her. Grandfather led the mare toward the stable, and Mother, her face alight, was hugging Grandmother.

Gerd held her cousin at arm's length to study her the better. "Oh, but you are thin, Karen!" she cried.

"You are not so plump yourself any longer," Karen smiled back. "As for me, even a kitten couldn't grow fat on the rations we get in the city."

"We won't have roast pork and plum tarts for Christmas here, either," Gerd said, a little sadly. "The Germans took our last pig in the autumn. But there'll be something to eat, even if it isn't the traditional thing."

GRANDMOTHER had followed her peacetime custom of cleaning the house for Christmas, from top to bottom. There wasn't a cobweb or a dust speck anywhere from the attic to the earthen cellar. In peacetime she would have been cooking for the past week—delicacies of all kinds from meats and pies and cookies and tarts to fish dishes and soups and puddings.

But the great problem in wartime was to find something to cook.

Now Karen's mother was telling about city rations. "We were supposed to get two pounds of dried fish for our Christmas dinner, but for the past three weeks the fish sellers have had only anchovies. Yesterday, when I went to shop, they didn't even have those. Then there were extra rations—generous, the German placards called them. There were a small can of war-time sardines for each family—they are not packed in oil—and about eleven ounces of minced horse meat. But that had been sold by early morning. Two pounds of oatmeal I did get, and they have promised us ten ounces of cheese some time in January."

"But, dear child," Grandmother cried, "what have you been giving the children to eat all winter?"

Karen's mother smiled sadly. "Sometimes I can save enough oatmeal to make a cake—that's for a special day like a birthday. We get some klipp-fish (fish dried on the cliffs in the sun.) of course it is black from mites and age for the Germans take the better lots, but it helps to stay our hunger. I stew vegetables without any fat, and make cabbage soup without barley. Sometimes I manage to get a little milk for Olav—though now he is five they don't want to let him have it any longer. Sometimes, too, I get some turnips; we eat them as fruit now." She sighed. "It's hard to realize that Olav has never tasted a banana or an orange."

Grandfather looked in at the doorway. "The steam bath is ready," he announced. "Is Olav coming with me? The men have the first turn."

From Finland and from Sweden, the custom of steam baths has spread across the Scandinavian peninsula. Each homestead has a little log house with a dressing room and a steam room where a heap of stones, in one corner, can be heated. When water is thrown on them, the steam rises in a billowing cloud.

So now the household went to steam and to wash, as good people were doing in a hundred homes in Norway, Sweden, and Finland, that they might be clean when they welcomed Christmas in. When all had bathed, they dressed in fresh clothes—Karen in her best dress which she had brought from Oslo, Olav in his new suit made from an old one of his father's. Their faces glowed with heat and scrubbing as they crossed the snowy court back to the house.

"Before we eat," Grandfather said, "I'm going to see to the animals." A warm smile brightened his face for he knew the children would want to go with him to-night.

High on the wall of the stable hung a cross which Grandfather had made out of straw. He took a measure of precious oats and set it before the mare, patting her gently. "God Jul, old one," he said softly.

The children followed him to the barn where he gave generous feedings to the cow and the sheep.

"My grandmother from Sweden," he said reminiscently, "used to save a little bit of every dish we ate at the Christmas board

for the animals. It would bless them and keep them healthy through the year, she said. I did that myself for years, but now, of course, we haven't enough food."

As they walked across the court, streaked flashes of green and red, the northern lights, blazed in the sky. Little Olav was skipping with excitement, but Karen thought, "I'm sending you God Jul, Father, with the northern lights, wherever you are."

The Christmas table was set. Grandmother, amazingly, had procured three candles and these were in the three-branched red candlestick, ready for lighting. The fats out of which candles are made are scarce in Norway in wartime, so the ancient custom of lighting candles when darkness falls on Christmas Eve and letting them burn until Christmas dawn could not be followed.

There was a surprise for the main course—meat balls! Karen hadn't eaten meat for so long she hardly remembered what it tasted like.

Little Olav smacked his lips. "This is good fish," he said enthusiastically. "Why can't we have fish like this in the city?"

They looked at him, surprised. Then they realized—he had eaten no meat, only fish, as far back as he remembered.

"How surprised he will be to see the Christmas Eve feast when peace comes at last," Karen thought. She imagined her little brother's pleasure in the deliciously odorous roast pork, the "lute-fisk"—fish prepared with potash—and the other tasty dishes, down to the traditional rice cereal with its lucky almond.

But what was Grandmother bringing from the stove? It was a dish of cooked rice!

"I've been saving the last of our little hoard of rice for Christmas," she said with a pleased smile. "What would Christmas be for the children without a few of our ancient ways?"

"It wouldn't—it couldn't have a lucky almond?" Karen whispered.

Grandmother smiled at her. "Wait and see," she said.

The Christmas tree, brought in the day before, was now behind locked doors in the living room. Norwegian children never see their tree until Christmas Eve when, decorated and lighted, it bursts upon them in all its glory. So now, after the festive dinner was finished—so sparse in com- (Continued on page 38)



ERIC NORDVELDT

# A PRESENT FOR ELLY

*A riotous affair in the chemistry lab cost Butch his most cherished Christmas plan—then a brilliant idea popped into his head*

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

A CERTAIN hard, highly polished wooden settee just outside the principal's office at Western High was known to all and sundry as the mourners' bench—and the woe-begone faces of the two boys sitting thereon one Friday afternoon made the name entirely understandable. The two—culprits, waiting miserably for a summons to the awesome precincts of Dr. Baker's private office—were a study in contrast. Peewee, otherwise Charles Lander, was dark and spare in build; Butch, christened Marvin Conover, was auburn-haired, ruddy of face and generously proportioned. Both were sophomores, both fifteen, and both—on this, the last day of school before the Christmas vacation—were most deplorably in the doghouse.

Butch, coming out of the dreary apathy with which he had watched the gleeful departure of the last classes of the day, nudged his companion and muttered, "Have any trouble getting yours, Peewee?"

"Nope!" Peewee pulled a crumpled slip of green paper from his jacket pocket. "Here it is. A check. Mom said I'd have to pay her back with the fiver I always get from my Aunt Rose for Christmas." Raising the check to his lips, Peewee kissed it. "Five beautiful little smackers," he lamented, "goodbye!" Then, as his sharp black eyes noted no responsive smile on Butch's face, he inquired, "How'd you make out, Butch? Don't tell me you couldn't raise it."

"Oh, I have it," Butch grunted, sinking even farther down on the bench. "But look, Peewee, this is strictly on the q.t., see?"

"Sure," the lanky Peewee drawled. "Come on, tell Papa."

"Having to pay this five right now puts me in a whale of a jam. Of course, I admit it's fair we should. It was my idea to fool around with those hydrogen-sulphide compounds and raise that super-stinkaroo; but you were the one who had the bright thought of locking the door of the chemical lab when we beat it out of there."

"Yesterday afternoon," Peewee mused, "will go down in history. How many retorts do you think were busted when Beef Walker ran for the window-pole?"

"Twenty, I guess," Butch grinned. "Well, that's one way of getting out of class early, but I don't think I'll try it again in a hurry. Comes too high. I'd saved this fiver for Elly's Christmas present. Elly Trask, you know."

"You surprise me!" Peewee's shrill falsetto was meant to convey heavy sarcasm. "Who doesn't know she's your dream-cake?"

"Cut that out," Butch frowned. "Elly and I had agreed that we'd be very practical about presents this year, and make each other something. She's knitted me a sweater."

"Oh, boy!" Peewee murmured.

"It fits," Butch conceded. "Elly nearly scraped the eyebrows

off my face getting the neck big enough. Well, golly, I didn't know what to make for her."

"Not even a little teensy bit of embroidery?" Peewee scoffed, and nearly fell off the bench from the shove Butch gave him.

"So," Butch continued, somewhat bashfully, "Elly said she'd like to have that oil painting I made in art class, the one with those thirty-two wild geese flying over an iceberg. Holy cow, did I get tired of those geese! Miss Macon had us all copy that print, you know. Well, I couldn't give it to Elly raw, so I had a frame made down at Swisher's, and it set me back five bucks. I told 'em I'd call for the picture with the money this evening."

"You may come in now, boys," Dr. Baker's voice said behind them, and Butch and Peewee rose, anxious to get the interview over as quickly as possible.

That, also, was Dr. Baker's wish, he informed them; but as he leaned back in his revolving chair, fingertips together, he reviewed the affair of the broken glassware. Sonorous phrases floated past the boys' ears. "Never, in all my experience, have I known such a putrescent stench. The entire third floor had to be thoroughly aired before classes could resume today. . . . Perhaps, if you had realized that lives can be endangered by such playfully manufactured gases, you would not have locked the other members of your chemistry class inside the laboratory." . . . "I regret, truly, the necessity of imposing this fine just at this happy season, but as you both preferred to settle the matter without obliging me to consult your parents, we will call the chapter closed."

They were free at last. But as they parted, broke yet tremendously relieved in mind, Peewee's final remark cast Butch into the depths again. "Only one more shopping day before Christmas," he said. "Hope you can raise the money, Butch."





BUTCH FELT A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE WHEN SCHOOL WAS MENTIONED, BUT ELLY KNEW HOW TO BE DISCREET

Illustrated by  
WILLIAM G. FIX

"How'd I know, boy?" Della's tone was truculent. "Jewelry's one thing I ain't neveh touch. Maybe youah mama'll know. Hey, leave that chocolate cake alone! They's company comin' for dinnah tonight! I done put some cookies and peanut buttah out for you on the pantry shelf."

"Thanks," Butch replied, falling to without delay. "Just who is coming to dinner, Della? Mother told me, but I've had my mind on something else."

"Hub," Della grunted. "Good thing womenfolks ain't got that kind o' memories. It's youah papa's cousin Estella, and that Englishman she married. Westlake, the name is. They's gettin' on in yeahs, but they's mighty high-toned. So you bettah get upstairs an' clean up good befoh youah mama comes home. She's due any minute now."

It was true. Christmas fell on Monday, and this was Friday. How in the world, Butch wondered, was he to raise five whole dollars within the next twenty-four hours?

"I'll do it, though," he vowed, "and without asking Mother or Dad for the money, either." But as he swung along up the Wisconsin Avenue Hill toward the Conovers' old Georgetown home, his spirits sank lower and lower. His resources were, for the moment, at an absolute low. He had garnisheed his next month's allowance to complete the sum needed for the picture-frame. During the next day he'd either have to earn five dollars, which seemed highly improbable, or—and Butch stopped short as a brilliant idea struck him—he might sell something. He'd have a look around, the minute he got home.

Della and Doremus, the colored pair who served respectively as cook and houseman for the Conovers, watched Butch's flying entrance in undisguised amazement. "First time I ever know him not to stop in my kitchen for a coupla sandwiches," Della marveled; and Doremus, laughing, asked her, "See him go round that newel post on his way upstairs? You coulda played marbles on his coattails, did he have some. *W'boo-ee*, 'at boy kin move fas' when he wants to."

Confused sounds from Butch's room, as of bureau drawers hastily pulled out and slammed back, made Della call up the back stairs in genuine concern. "What's the mattah, Butch? You lost somethin'?"

"No." The negative, though loud, was doubtful, and after a few more crashes and bangs from above was amended to, "Well, maybe I have. Wait!" Butch's not inconsiderable weight shook the back hallway as he descended to the kitchen. "Della," he demanded, "do you know where that little gold stickpin is that I got from my Uncle John's will?"

The sound of the opening front door and a somewhat breathless "Marvin? Are you out there?" announced Mrs. Conover's arrival. Butch, hurrying out to see what was wanted, found his mother, rosy and breathing hard after her brisk walk up the hill in the keen December air, holding out an assortment of paper-wrapped bundles.

"Take 'em, will you, dear," she smiled, "while I pull off these galoshes? I walked clear down to M Street to get some of those cheese straws Estella likes. And that reminds me, why don't you pop down there now to Swisher's for your picture before the Westlakes get here?"

Butch thought hard. "I don't believe there's time," he said. "I want to take a bath, and then I'll have to brush my blue suit."

"My goodness," Mrs. Conover murmured, then tactfully concealed her amazement at this unusual zeal for cleanliness on the part of her son. "Be quick about it, then," she said, "and leave things tidy. But wait! I thought you told me yesterday, when I advanced you two dollars, that you'd arranged to call for the picture this evening?"

"I'll go tomorrow," Butch said as casually as he could. "Say, Mother, what became of that gold stickpin Uncle John left me?"

"Mercy, I don't know," his mother sighed. "If you'd only take care of things! Why? You're not planning to wear that old-fashioned thing, are you?"

"Oh, no! But I just thought it was kinda valuable, and I can't find it. What's it worth, do you think?"

"Oh," Mrs. Conover mused, "about five dollars, I guess. Maybe ten, at the most. That's only an aquamarine in the lion's mouth, you know."

"Gee!" Butch's gray eyes were shining. "Ten bucks. Think hard, Mother. Where'd you see it last?"

Mrs. Conover, shrugging in good-humored exasperation, concentrated. "I know!" she cried. "You left it in the tie you wore with your grandfather's suit for your class play, and I slipped the pin into my jewel box after I'd hung the suit in the attic. Go get it, but don't disturb anything else on my bureau. Hear me?"

"Sure. I'll be careful. You're a honey-pie, Mom!"

Butch, after a hug, that left his mother's hat careening over her eyes, dashed upstairs to retrieve the pin which, he fondly hoped, would solve his financial problem.

"By the way," his mother called after him, "Elly's coming to dinner, too. I ran into her downtown and she said her mother was out for the evening, so I asked her to come on along over here."

"Swell!" Butch shouted back happily. His happiness was genuine, for now he could meet Elly's frank brown gaze without embarrassment. He knew, of course, that Elly could be counted upon to accept a postponed gift, if necessary, but explanations would be difficult. And there was that good old masculine pride to reckon with, as well.

The evening, as a whole, was highly successful. Courtly old Major Westlake and his vivacious little gray-haired wife were greatly taken with Elly—who was, Butch thought, looking very pretty in her soft new ruffled dress of coral red. The conversation dwelt a little too much on school for Butch's comfort, but Elly could be discreet when she liked, and the dismal outcome of Butch's latest prank was never mentioned until he and Elly were walking through the softly falling snow toward Elly's home in lower Georgetown.

Even then she approached the topic with some hesitance. "I hope," she said lightly, "that Dr. Baker didn't skin you and Pee-wee alive this afternoon."

"Heck, no," Butch replied stoutly. "Doc was okay. Quite a lecture, of course, but he let us off fairly easy."

"That's good," Elly beamed.



THEY WERE IN THE DOGHOUSE AND TOO WELL AWARE OF IT



"You know, I wanted to say something to you when I left this afternoon—something about cheering up—but you both looked so sunk sitting there on the mourners' bench that I honestly didn't dare to speak a word to you."

"I hated that part," Butch confessed. "Sitting there to be giggled at, I mean. Let's talk about something else, shall we?"

"Butch, you're terrible," Elly scolded. "I mean, boys are so silly and self-conscious. I'd have giggled right back. However, to change the subject, I don't know when I've liked older people as much as I did the Westlakes. Especially the Major. With that limp and that stiff, straight back and that simply

adorable English accent, he's just absolutely out of this world."

"He's super," Butch agreed. "Remember when he called me back, just as you and I were starting out? Know what he wanted?"

"No, what?" Elly asked.

"He said—you know how he talks—'I don't know what the custom is over here, my boy, but back home it's quite the thing to tip a chap on the eve of the hols.' And he slipped a dollar bill into my coat pocket."

"No!" Elly breathed. "The old angel!"

"I felt funny, taking it," Butch grinned. "But I was glad he insisted, because it'll come in mighty handy in case—" He paused abruptly. "Well, just in case."

How true that statement was, Butch discovered the following morning.

He rose and breakfasted betimes, anxious to get down to M Street and bring the picture home without further ado. Few shoppers had appeared as yet on the quiet old business street high above the muddy Potomac, but the stores were open. The wizened little proprietor of the one Butch planned first to visit was arranging trays of rings and bracelets in his tinsel-decorated window. *A. Meisner, Jeweler* was lettered in crumbling gilt on the glass; a small card in the corner announced, *Old Gold and Jewelry Bought. Highest Prices Paid.* Butch opened the door and went in.

Mr. Meisner backed down cautiously from the window-display ledge, looked at Butch over the top of his glasses, and wiped his hands on the brief work apron he wore.

"Well, young man," he piped, "what can I do for you?"

Butch fished in his windbreaker pocket and held out the stickpin. "I thought I'd like to sell this," he said. "What can you give me for it?"

"Hm," said Mr. Meisner. He took the pin, turned it over and over, then put a black-mounted magnifying glass in his right eye and studied the ornate lion's head, all without another word. Then he walked to the back of the store, set a tiny pair of scales up on the counter, and weighed the pin. Even that was not enough. A block of some hard, bluish stone like slate was

required, it seemed, for further testing. Mr. Meisner rubbed the ornamental head of the pin on the stone, then poured a drop of liquid from a bottle on the mark the gold had made. After that he studied the scratch for a second or two.

"Hm," he said again. "The stone's no good to me, you know. Aquamarine—not big—no style."

"All right," Butch agreed, wishing he had never come into the place. "What's the gold worth?"

"I'd say—" Mr. Meisner hesitated. "Well, let's see! The gold's solid fourteen karat, what there is of it, but the pin's hollow, just raised work. I'll give you—" he smiled benevolently—"a dollar and a half."

Butch gasped. "Is that all?"

"It's very old and thin, young man. But I'll do this much—I'll allow you fifty cents more for the stone. Take it or leave it. You won't get any more any place else, I can tell you."

Two dollars, plus the one from Major Westlake, added up only to three. "I'd better think about it," Butch mumbled miserably.

Mr. Meisner's shoulders rose to his ears. "Suit yourself, boy," he said sourly.

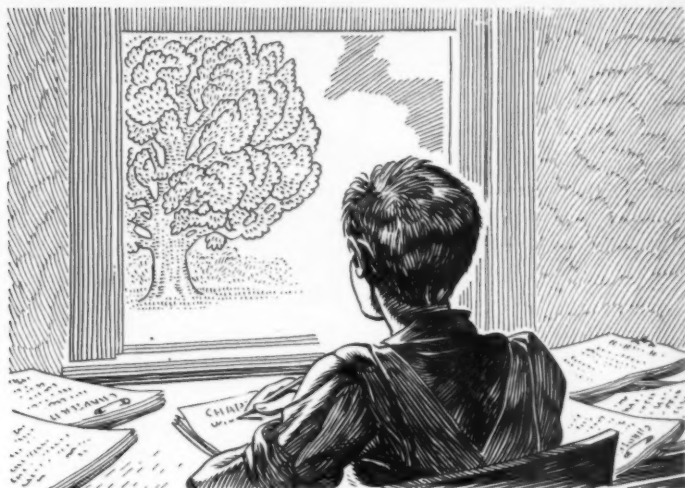
Butch turned and walked out the door. But hardly had its little bell tinkled behind him before he was back again. "I'll sell the pin, Mr. Meisner," he said.

"All right, all right," the old fellow snapped. "I offered you a dollar-fifty, didn't I?"

(Continued on page 26)

# LONE OAK FARM

*A distinguished naturalist, nature photographer, lecturer, and author writes about his boyhood in the Indiana sand-dune country*



THE GIANT LONE OAK, WHICH GAVE THE FARM ITS NAME

By EDWIN WAY TEALE, author of "Dune Boy"

Illustrations by EDWARD SHENTON



THE AUTHOR ON A FIELD TRIP  
—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

LOONS are calling on the lonely Adirondacks lake where I am spending my late-summer vacation. At night, I can hear the cry of the great horned owl. Swallows—cliff and tree—have moved down from the north at the start of their long migration. Each evening, in a cabin backed by dark forests that go up and up to the very top of a mountain, I light the kerosene lamp which now sends its yellow glow over the pages on which I write. The smell of this "coal-oil" lamp fills the room. It is an odor familiar in other years. It brings vividly to mind boyhood days on Lone Oak Farm.

The first thing I remember in connection with this homestead of my grandparents is a pink marshmallow fish. The pink fish was dangling just out of reach on the green bough of a Christmas tree. I was about four years old at the time. With my mother, I had traveled by train the seventy miles from my home in Joliet, Illinois, to the little station of Furnessville, in the sand-dune country of northern Indiana. Bundled up in a great fur coat until he resembled a grizzly bear, my grandfather had met us at the station. Behind horses that sent out silvery clouds of steam as they snorted, and that jingled their sleighbells as they ran, we rode in a bob-sled through drifts to the warm, lighted farmhouse. That is the first Christmas that I can remember. And the fish dangling from the Christmas tree is my initial recollection of Lone Oak Farm.

In succeeding years, innumerable other memories were added. During every vacation from school, until I was fifteen, I roamed

the ninety-odd acres of swamps and woods and open fields that made up that dune-country homestead. There I played Indian and trapper and explorer. There I established an elaborate private "museum" under an old wagon shed. I took my first photographs of wildlife there and wrote my first stories of creatures of the countryside. It was there that I had my earliest schooling in the ways of birds and animals, reptiles, plants, and insects. It was at Lone Oak Farm that I first experienced the fun and adventure of being a naturalist.

More than half a century before that time, two white oxen, plodding along in the midst of a slowly moving cloud of dust, had followed the winding course of a sand road a mile and a half from the southern shore of Lake Michigan. Behind the oxen rolled a heavy lumber wagon. It carried two persons and high-piled household goods. The animals turned down a side-track, passed under a giant oak tree, and came to a stop beside a low farmhouse which had been built on a knoll that overlooked a wide expanse of sand hills, swamplands, and woods. It was thus, riding as pioneers in the wagon behind the oxen, that my grandparents came to Lone Oak.

There were wolves and deer and lynxes and even a few Indians in the region in those days. Sometimes, when my grandfather went to the lower pasture at dawn to bring home the cows for milking, he found as many as twenty wild deer feeding with the cattle. I never tired of hearing Gramp and Gram, as I called my grandparents, tell of those early days. All that remained in my time, as links with that glorious past, were the single towering oak tree, which gave the homestead its name, and the stone relics of "The Island."

The Island was a sandy ridge which rose above the green of a swampy stretch to the south of the farmhouse. According to legend, it had been the scene of an Indian battle. At any rate, the sand of its open spaces was fairly studded with arrowheads. Day after day, by wriggling my bare toes in the hot sand, I used to unearth these pieces of flint along with the larger forms of spearheads and tomahawk heads. At one time, I had a collection of more than a hundred of these relics of the red man.

They formed the starting point for my wagon-shed museum. During one summer, when the cultivators and mowing machines all were out in the fields, the Lone Oak wagon shed was virtually empty. This long, low structure was roofed with tar paper and



One day, when I was prowling about a far corner of this stretch of wasteland in search of more skins, I came upon the prize exhibit of my museum. It was the bleached bones of a half-buried cow. For days thereafter I toiled back and forth, transporting home the ribs, the head, the femurs and even the small tail-bones. On succeeding days, I tried to assemble the whitened bones into a skeleton. Always, I had a pile left over. Sometimes I would go down where Gramp's cows were chewing their cud in the shade of a tree, and there I would run my hand along the back and down the legs of one of the gentlest of the animals, seeking to discover how her internal framework was fitted together. But I never did. Finally, I placed the bones in rows on the dirt floor of the wagon shed and put the weathered skull at the center, in the place of honor. Overhead, I

*Left: LONE OAK FARM IN THE DEPTHS OF WINTER. Below: GRAMP AND THE BOY WATCH A SANDHILL CRANE TAKE FLIGHT IN THE DUNES*



GRAM READ ALOUD ON SUMMER EVENINGS—AND THIS WAS THE BEST PART OF THE ENTIRE DAY. Below: IT WAS FUN TO DRESS UP AS AN INDIAN AND PLAY HUNTER AND TRAPPER AMONG THE DUNES



supported by sassafras poles. It formed the northern boundary of the barnyard. Cows and horses wandered about among my exhibits until I nailed up two-by-fours across the front of the shed to keep them out. Inside the building, I fastened empty cracker boxes to the walls, propped up boards for shelves, and drove in spikes to support the objects of natural-history interest which I collected.

These included curiously formed roots, fish skeletons picked up on the Lake Michigan beach, pressed leaves and sections of bark, birds' nests—ranging from the minute cup of the ruby-throated humming bird to the stick-platform nest of the crow—, innumerable rocks, bird feathers, moths and butterflies and grasshoppers, ferns, cow-horns, and a series of drawings of animal tracks. Along one end of the wagon shed hung a row of discarded snakeskins which I had acquired in a sandy waste of weeds and burrs beyond our northern woods. So numerous were the garter snakes, black snakes, and blue racers in this tract that I thought of it as the Field of the Serpents.



tacked a sign. Printed on the top of a strawberry crate, it read: "Bovine Skeleton."

During a later summer I began to wish I could record in real pictures all the fascinating wildlife activity that occurred on all sides of me at Lone Oak. An uncle of mine had given me an odd predecessor of the modern miniature camera. It was the same size and shape as a watch and it had been exhibited, in 1893, at the Chicago World's Fair. No film was made to fit it. Nevertheless, I used to walk about with this tiny camera in my hand, snapping the shutter and pretending I was recording on film action pictures of scudding hawks and swallows, of long V's of wild geese, of blue racers, and of cotton-tail rabbits. But the thrill of this soon wore off.

Among the pages of a Sears, Roebuck catalog, about that time, I discovered a complete photographic kit—including a box camera, a roll of film, a developing and printing set—all for three dollars and seventy-five cents. I set my heart on obtaining this camera and recording real pictures of the creatures of the coun-

tryside. There was, however, one stumbling block. I didn't have three dollars and seventy-five cents.

The strawberry season was then at its height and my grandfather was paying a cent and a half a quart for picking the berries. I sat down under the old oak tree and figured up how many quarts, and how many strawberries, I would have to pick to earn the required amount. I found the total was two hundred and fifty quarts and—at eighty berries to the quart—approximately twenty thousand strawberries! I could see myself bending over and picking a berry from the vines—and then doing it again and again, twenty thousand times! It wore me out just thinking about it.

However, as that was the only road to the camera, I set to work. Quart by quart, I filled the wooden cases. Although the task seemed never to end, there did come a day when the trio of bills and the trio of quarters were mine. I sent away a money-order and waited impatiently for the camera to come. While I waited, I wandered about the woods and meadows and swamp and orchard, spotting birds' nests, woodchuck burrows, and rabbit forms. These would provide the subjects for my initial nature photographs. I even trained one cottontail to let me come within a few feet of its form. There I would lift an imaginary camera and snap an imaginary shutter just to accustom it to the sensation of having its picture taken.

On the morning the rural mail-carrier left the camera-kit in

our box, I raced for the lower cherry orchard on the edge of which this wild rabbit had its form. The young cottontail was there. As I edged forward, it cocked its long ears in my direction and watched me attentively. When only six feet away, I aimed the black box in its direction, squinted into the glass of the rectangular view-finder, and pressed down the shutter-lever. At the metallic click, the cottontail bolted. But as I wound the film to "No. 2," I felt sure I had obtained its picture. And I had. This first of my more than twenty thousand nature photographs is still in my possession. It shows the rabbit—a little fuzzy but a rabbit nonetheless—crouching, with ears cocked, among the grass-tangles.

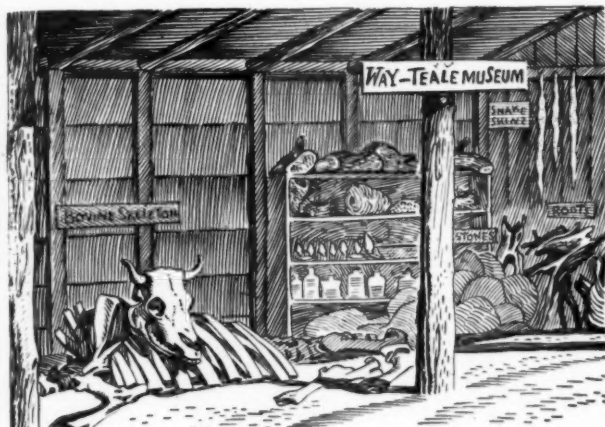
The black box of Lone Oak started me on the trail which has brought years of adventure as a nature photographer. Small pocket notebooks at Lone Oak also started me along a different road, that of the nature writer.

When I was about eight years old I began jotting down, in such notebooks, descriptions of scenes and records of what I saw the birds and animals and insects doing. One of these worn and smudged notebooks—a notebook I carried about the farm for half a summer when I was nine—records such observations as these: "Today, I saw a baby chick on its mother's back, and the mother was walking around, too." "When I was little, a friend and I found a bullfrog that wouldn't fit into a quart pail." "Over Gunder's hill, the sunset is so red the rim of the hilltop looks like a prairie fire is burning behind it." "Chips fly as far as nine paces from the tree when flickers are burrowing a hole."

In another of these notebooks, there is set down the curious adventure of a fly. About nine o'clock one morning, I saw this housefly descend into the top of an old-fashioned lamp chimney. The insect explored the inside of the glass until it entered the outward-bulging portion. Here, it began circling around and around. At noon, I noticed it still was buzzing about in circles. Darkness, that night, found it a prisoner in its transparent cell, bumping along below the narrow neck of the open chimney. The next morning, it was still there. How long it would have remained within this curious cell-with-an-open-door, I do not know. I took pity on it. Carrying the chimney outdoors, I let the insect go.

Lamp chimneys were an important part of the household equipment at Lone Oak. Before evening came, my grandmother would carefully clean the glass and then, after the supper dishes had been cleared away and washed, we all would settle ourselves for the treat of the day. I would (Continued on page 30)

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THE WAGON-SHED MUSEUM. EVERYTHING FROM TWISTED ROOTS TO THE SKELETON OF A COW WAS EXHIBITED THERE. Below: THE BOY HAD PICKED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY QUARTS OF STRAWBERRIES TO EARN HIS FIRST CAMERA. HIS FIRST PICTURE WAS A SNAP OF A RABBIT AMONG THE GRASS TANGLES.

Right: THE DESERTED BEACH WAS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF SPECIMENS FOR THE NATURE MUSEUM



# ALL THE TRUMPETS SOUNDED

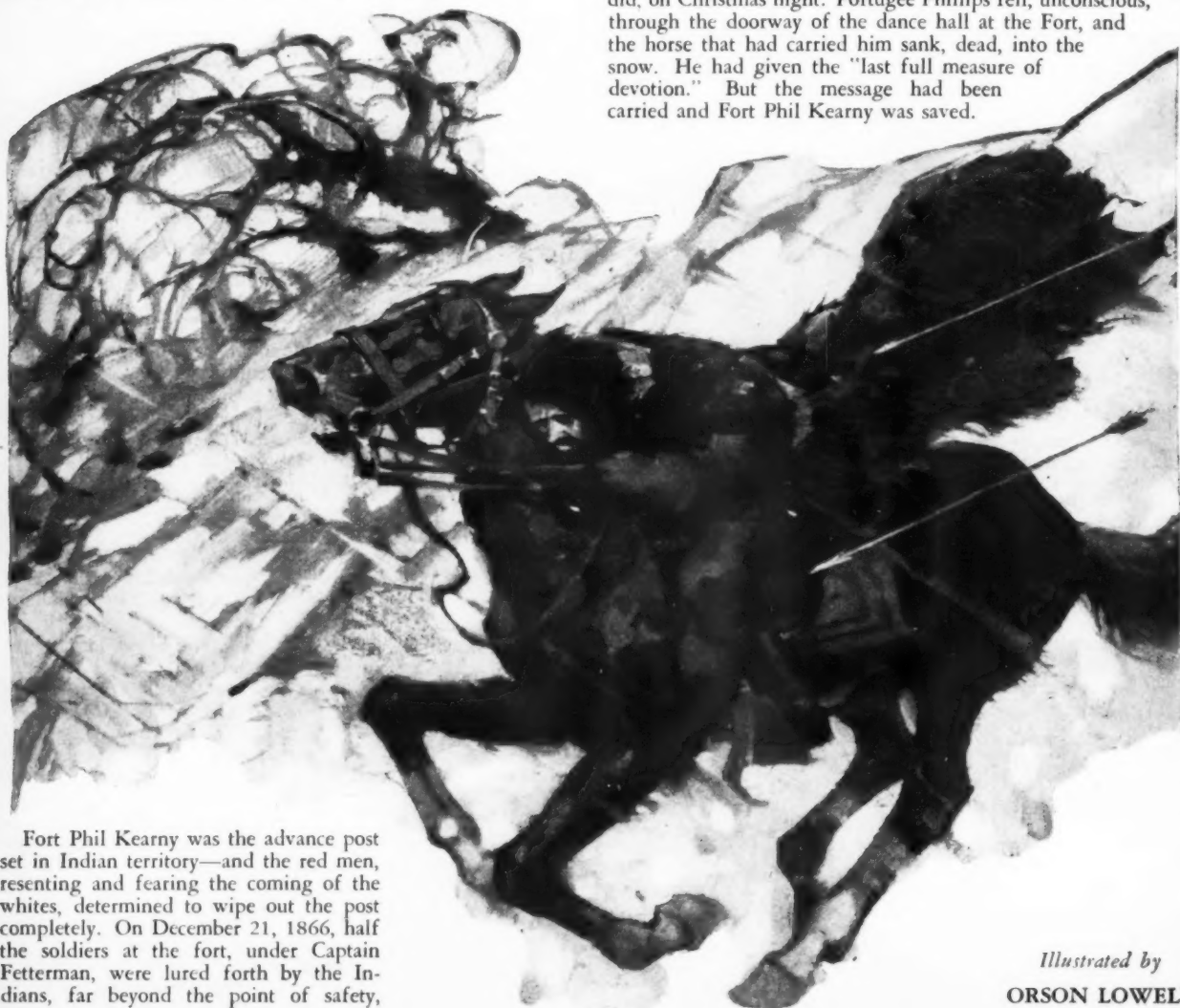
THE history of America is filled with the trampling of horses' hoofs. Among the most exciting episodes are those in which important messages have been carried by men and horses. Such was the ride of Paul Revere when, on the deacon's horse, he warned the minutemen of Massachusetts that "the British would march"; such was the ride of Jack Jouett who mounted the "swiftest nag in Albermarle" to carry word that Tarleton and his troops hoped to capture Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and as many other members of the Virginia Assembly as possible; and after the discovery of gold in the West, when white men had encroached on Indian lands in Wyoming, there was another epic ride, the ride of Portugee Phillips on the fine horse belonging to the Colonel at Fort Phil Kearny—a ride to bring help to the fort which was besieged by Indians.

*The true story of a heroic man and horse in the days of Indian massacres—and their great ride in a blizzard, pursued by savages, to bring help to a besieged garrison*

By CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

and massacred to the last man. Things were desperate at the fort. And when one soldier after another had refused to attempt the almost hopeless ride through a great snowstorm to Crazy Horse Station, a hundred and ninety miles away, to seek aid, a man who was not even an American volunteered to go. This was John Phillips, known as Portugee Phillips from the fact that he had been born on the Portuguese island of Fayal in the Azores. He was nineteen and a workman at the fort.

This is the story of that ride, told as it must have seemed to the Colonel's horse which Phillips rode. The terrible journey did not end at Crazy Horse Station, for the telegraph wire (which would have carried Fort Phil Kearny's call for help to Fort Laramie) was down, it was feared, under the weight of the snow. Forty miles farther the exhausted man and horse must travel to reach Fort Laramie—and reach it they did, on Christmas night. Portugee Phillips fell, unconscious, through the doorway of the dance hall at the Fort, and the horse that had carried him sank, dead, into the snow. He had given the "last full measure of devotion." But the message had been carried and Fort Phil Kearny was saved.



Fort Phil Kearny was the advance post set in Indian territory—and the red men, resenting and fearing the coming of the whites, determined to wipe out the post completely. On December 21, 1866, half the soldiers at the fort, under Captain Fetterman, were lured forth by the Indians, far beyond the point of safety,

Illustrated by  
ORSON LOWELL



NEAR FORT CASPAR THE INDIANS CAUGHT UP. ARROWS SANG PAST HIS EARS

THE Colonel's horse waited. Ever since Portugee Phillips had come in, toward the end of that terrible December day, and had thrown his arms about the horse's neck, hiding his own face, the horse had been waiting. The creature knew from the way the man carried his shoulders when he left the stable that he had come to a decision. And by the manner in which the man had turned to give one last measuring look at the horse, the Colonel's mount understood that he himself was included in that decision, whatever it might be.

He whinnied gently, as much as to say that whatever the man undertook he would be willing to share in—to the last ounce of his strength if necessary. He had never felt that way toward the Colonel, but there was a special bond between him and the young man-of-all-work at Fort Phil Kearny.

The horse had heard and seen many tragic happenings that day, and he sensed that, in more ways than one, it was the darkest day of the year for the little fort on the Powder River, huddled in the very shadow of the Big Horn Mountains.

Tragedy had struck early that morning, when the sentry's bugle had cut the winter air with the warning that the water train, which had gone forth as usual from the fort, was being attacked by Indians. The horse had pulled at his halter rope when he heard the soldiers backing out the other horses on either side, and had heard the men crying, "Sioux!" and "Cheyenne!" But no one came for the Colonel's mount, though he recognized his owner's voice warning Captain Fetterman not to pursue the Indians beyond the nearest butte. Then he heard the tramp of infantrymen going through the gate, the jangling spurs of the cavalry under Fetterman.

After they were gone, there was a sense of impending horror left in the fort. The horse felt it, even before the dismayed word sped from mouth to mouth, "Captain Fetterman has disobeyed the Colonel's orders! He has gone beyond the butte! They will surely be destroyed!"

The second rescue group went out then, and the Colonel's mount was with them. The Indians fled, helter skelter, but they left behind them the dead and dying of Fetterman's group. The horse heard the screams of men and of horses, the distant taunt-

ing of the Indian attackers. Half the men at Fort Phil Kearny had been massacred in less than half an hour.

When he had been returned to his stall, the horse had shivered restlessly until Portugee Phillips came to him. He could not know that the red men had good reason to dispute the placing of a fort in their territory. He could not know, either, how the Government at Washington, seeing on the map that the quickest way to the gold fields lay here—had given orders to hold the fort at any price. The soldiers at the outpost must carry out Washington's orders, though after the massacre of Fetterman and his troops, there were not much more than a hundred men left at the fort and these included all the prisoners from the guardhouse and the teamsters as well. The horse heard a soldier say that if the Indians had followed up their morning's work, they could have taken the fort easily. But the cold had increased and a heavy storm had begun. Sioux and Cheyenne, it seemed, preferred to wait for better weather.

One can hear sounds more easily in a snowstorm. The Colonel's horse kept his ears bent forward listening, not for the Indians, not for the Colonel, but for the tread of Portugee Phillips.

He heard a passing sentry say, "The snow is drifting so high the redskins will be able to ride straight over the piled drifts and into the fort. See, the walls won't mean a thing!" Soon he heard the sound of shovels, biting at the drifts.

IT WAS almost midnight when Portugee Phillips returned to the stable. The horse bent his nose for a moment to the man's hand. Then he allowed himself to be backed from the stall and stood still while every bit of leather, every buckle of bridle and saddle were tested.

Then the Colonel entered the stable, and the horse heard the crackle of papers in his hands. He heard the Colonel speaking, not in the quick, almost superior tone he generally used to Portugee Phillips and the other workmen at the fort, but almost humbly.

"If you can get these through—if you can get to Crazy Horse Station and telegraph to Fort Laramie, the fort here may be saved. If not—well, we have already gathered the women in the Powder House. If the worst happens, the sentry has orders to

light the fuse." The Colonel cleared his throat. "You are a brave man, Phillips. Everyone says what you are attempting is impossible."

"We'll make it," said Portugee Phillips, his foot in the stirrup. "God speed," said the Colonel.

By the water gate, soldiers were turning the keys in the padlocks, pulling back the bars, and pushing at the gate until the snow yielded. A space of about three feet linked Fort Phil Kearny with the world outside, the world of space and of Indians, of piling snow and bitter cold. Yet help was there—nearly two hundred miles away. Help at Crazy Horse Station, connected by a single telegraph wire with Fort Laramie, forty miles beyond. The troops at Laramie were better armed, it was hoped, than those at Kearny had been. And there were more of them.

Outside the gate the horse fumbled for the trail, but the reins were pulling hard. He was being turned from the trail, urged into the whirling snow, into the soft piles of dangerous whiteness. And Portugee Phillips's lips were at his ear.

"Off," he was saying. "Off! We must chance it!"

The Colonel's mount did not understand all the words, but he knew by the tone that the man meant the pulling reins were right. So he gave instant obedience. His heart swelled in response to the whisper. He would do anything to serve this man, anything.

They were much alike—the horse and the rider—although perhaps they did not yet realize how much alike they were. One of them would understand this fully at the journey's ending.

Now in the dark, along the wind-swept edges of ravines and through snow-drifted canyons, the pair moved southward. It was bitter cold, but the horse's heart was warm with pleasure because his rider left to him the delicate choosing of his steps. He appreciated the man's trust.



"GOD SPEED YOU,"  
THE COLONEL SAID

Through the night and the darkness they moved, with no sound, until dawn. It was colder than ever then, and the horse was thankful when he felt the man's hand on the rein, urging a turn toward a sheltering rock in a canyon.

When the horse stood still, he realized how numbed he was. It was as though his blood had turned to ice. But the man was at his side almost at once, was rubbing him briskly with his fur-covered hands, until finally the Colonel's mount could feel new life returning. He ate some oats from the man's cupped hands. Afterward he allowed himself to be backed against the canyon wall, and at a word, lay down. The man curled himself against the horse, spreading his buffalo cloak like a tent over them both.

A mass of snow slid down from the rock above them, settled slowly and locked them, as it were, within a thick-walled stable. After a time there was warmth, warmth and comparative comfort. All that day the pair slept.

But when night came, Portugee Phillips was on his feet, and the horse stood up almost eagerly. In the dark the two took their way southward again.

"Crazy Horse Station," the man kept whispering, "Crazy Horse Station. Their telegraph wire will carry our message the rest of the way."

The horse flicked his ear. They must go on—that he knew even without the rider's whispers. Though why the man continued every now and then to whisper the horse did not know. "One hundred and nineteen men at Kearny. Counting the cook. And the Indians number thousands."

And again, "The Colonel must have two companies of cavalry, well armed, or four companies of infantry—at once. If I lose the paper, I must not forget. And repeating rifles. Or, if more cannot be spared, a single company can save the line. A single company and plenty of powder." A sob choked in Portugee Phillips's throat. "Only twenty rounds a man there now," he muttered.

And then only the wind whispered, the snow swirled.

Next the cries began, cries of owl and wolf. Neither the man nor the horse were fooled. These were Indian cries. Indians were daring the lessening storm, were out seeking to prevent word from going south, seeking the rider on whose trail they had stumbled before the snow had quite hidden it.

When day came, the pair were able to take only brief rest. They stopped occasionally when the bushes or the rocks could form a screen. Once the man drew his breath sharply, and the horse understood the reason. High above them on a ridge, through the blurring snow he could make out the forms of three Indians on horseback. Neither the Colonel's mount nor Portugee Phillips moved a muscle then. They were as lifeless, it seemed, as the snow-piled rocks, the dead trees.

After a time the Indians went away.

Then the pair went on.

The snow was still falling. And Crazy Horse Station was far to the south.

On. On. On.

The horse had almost ceased to realize when he was sleeping and when he was awake. He seemed always to be moving. Day and night blended. It made little difference. A handful of oats, one of his master's hard biscuits, a mouthful of snow, and that pleading whisper in his ear, "Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

But he could not hurry. His feet had developed a sense of their own, they seemed to be separate and apart from him. The Colonel's mount would have found it impossible to turn about, for his feet

(Continued on page 35)

# STORMY WEATHER— CLEAR SKIES AHEAD

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

*If a too oily skin is  
one of your troubles,  
read what this expert  
has to say about it*

**A** GOOD complexion is like good weather—easy to take for granted. It's only when a dark cloud appears on the horizon that we think of our umbrellas and galoshes. In the same way, it usually takes a small spot of trouble to make us think about taking care of our faces.

Some seasons of the year are just naturally stormy and some ages may have more complexion difficulties than others. Babies' skins are usually what we call normal, which just means that they are fresh and dewy, not too dry and not too oily. Older people's skins often are overdry because, with the years, the oil glands become less active. In the teens, however, all the glands of the body are working hard at the business of growing up and sometimes this results in an oily skin condition, which is a bother unless you know what to do about it.

Soap and water are a girl's best friends at this time. The face should be scrubbed thoroughly twice a day with plenty of warm water and soap well lathered and rinsed off with cold water.

All-over-the-body cleanliness is also very important; and it's wise to shampoo the hair frequently since infection sometimes spreads from scalp to face.

If the surplus oil is washed off in this way and the skin kept clean and active, there is less danger that blackheads and pimples will develop. Blackheads come from a clogging and hardening of oil in the little pores through which the oil is secreted. In an active,

clean skin they have less opportunity to form. If they do appear, don't try to force them out with your fingertips; bruising or infection may result. The same advice holds for an occasional pimple. Touch it with alcohol and let it alone.

There are mild antiseptic liquid preparations that may be worn on an oily skin to take down shine. Though it shows too much to use in the daytime, when you go to bed at night you may apply calamine lotion, which is mildly antiseptic and drying. I suggest that while the oily condition lasts you do not use oils, or oily creams, on your skin.

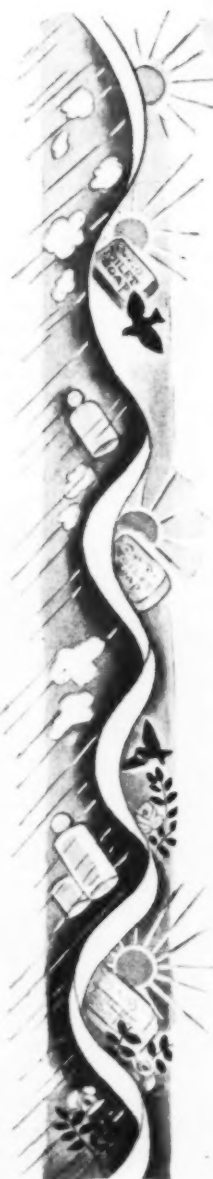
If I were you, I'd go in strongly for that fresh scrubbed look, and keep make-up down to a minimum till the oily condition is corrected. Lipstick is all right to use—and when you want to look especially nice for a party—cake make-up that you put on with a wet sponge. But remember that first rule of successful make-up and be sure to clean your face thoroughly before you go to bed, no matter how sleepy you are!

Always keep in mind that this teen-age oily-skin condition is ordinarily a temporary one. Don't let it get you down. Lots of girls and boys have it and get rid of it. It may take a little time, but don't be discouraged if you don't see results immediately. If you are faithful to the simple routine I've outlined, there should be clear skies ahead.

In case the condition does not show signs of improvement after a while to this soap-and-water program, you might talk to your doctor, or consult a dermatologist (a physician specializing in the skin). They will probably tell you, as I do, that you can do quite a lot to help along the good work.

The health rules that Girl Scouts consider so important are especially necessary for you. Be sure to get enough sleep and a good quota of exercise in the open air. Stay out in the sunshine as much as possible. Eat sensibly, three good well balanced meals. Don't skimp on your vegetables and fruit and milk, but do try to be strong-minded about gravies and fried foods and rich desserts and between-meal sweets. Drink at least eight glasses of water each day and be terribly careful about your elimination; your body must be kept clean inside as well as out.

Some people may tell you that this oily-skin condition is just one of the necessary evils that you will "grow out of." My answer to this is that you will grow out of it faster if you give a little shove to the good work. You (Continued on page 29)





PART

EIGHT

IF MINNIE had not whispered the dread name, "Heinrich Schmuck," I should have thought the rider nearing us was a squatter farmer on his way to an early market train, for I had passed others like him on my walks with Elly. He had evidently come some distance, for his horse, now directly in our line of vision, was breathing heavily, its head hanging low with weariness.

As the rider came within hand's touch of the tree behind which Minnie and I were crouching, I flattened myself against the rough trunk, actually more panic-stricken than I had been at any time in all that dreadful night. Suppose some glimmer of starlight should betray us, or the wind flutter a fold of my dress to catch his eye! But, no. The lonely figure went on steadily past us, and I waited until he was some hundred yards farther along on the road leading to the Hollow before I even dared to whisper, "We'll have to hurry now, Minnie, for sure!"

"If he'd a seen us!" Minnie gasped, as we started on past the Fairfield orchards. "Oh, he's an awful man! Even my father's scared of him. I hope he don't git Terence."

"It's up to us to save him," I said. "Look, here's the hayfield—we're almost at the farm."

With a final burst of speed, we turned at last into the cedar-bordered lane leading to the old stone house. Expecting to see its narrow windows blankly dark, it was a shock to find them all agleam with light, and to hear the voice of Dr. Meadows shouting, "She's here, Elly! It's Martha, all right. And blest if she hasn't got Minnie with her!"

Then the doctor came running down the driveway to meet us. "Where in the world have you been?" he demanded, shaking my arm. "What's happened to Terry? Where is he?"

"Terry's in the cave in the Hollow!" I panted, breathless. "He's safe—so far—but he sent us back to tell you that it's *this* morning before four! They're leaving a whole day sooner than von Mechlin told you. You'll have to get the troopers—the Hollow entrance—this morning—now!" My voice and knees gave out simultaneously. "Oh," I whimpered, "I hope it's not too late."

"Lean on me, Miss Martha," Dr. Meadows said gently, "and take a few deep breaths. That's right! Now, give me that message again." I obeyed, more coherently this time, and he said briskly, "I see. Von Mechlin double-crossed me. Somehow Terry suspected it and forced his way into the cave to make sure. All right, my dear, there's time enough. It isn't three yet. Here's Larsen to help you

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

*Don't you wish you could have been in the Fairfield kitchen when Martha told of her adventures—and Terry cleared up all the mysteries of Judge's Hollow!*

into the house. Elly will get you warm and comfortable while I do some telephoning, and then you can tell me the whole story."

With Larsen practically carrying me the rest of the way, I was soon established in a kitchen rocker and was being fussed over by Elly and Frieda. They tucked an old patchwork quilt around me, pulled off my shoes and made me prop my feet on the grating below the oven, and poured out a cup of steaming coffee for me. And maybe that didn't taste wonderful! But all the time I was drinking it, I couldn't help thinking of Terry in the cave with Schmuck—and maybe Rideau—and goodness knew how many Germans.

As I finished my coffee, Dr. Meadows came in from the dining room. "Everything's under control," he said, "thanks to this brave young lady. A squad of troopers will be here in ten minutes, and another will be posted just south of the Hollow bridge. I can give them their final instructions when I know how things are in the cave. You say Minnie—by the way, where *is* Minnie?"

We all looked blankly around the big kitchen and at one

Illustrated by  
CORINNE MALVERN



## The Story So Far

Martha Bristow, sixteen, visiting relatives, the Fairfields—an elderly father and middle-aged daughter—in their ancient house on Lake Champlain, finds herself in the center of a mystery. This involves a sinister ravine, Judge's Hollow, from which issue unexplained sounds; the concealed entrance to a tunnel in the Fairfield cellar, presumably leading to a point on the lake-shore from which runaway slaves were once spirited into Canada; a field containing a valuable gravel pit; an F.B.I. man, Dr. Meadows, and his young assistant, Terence McGovern; Rideau, villainous French Canadian, and his weak-minded daughter, Minnie, Miss Elly Fairfield's maid; Larsen, the Fairfield farmhand; his fiancée, Frieda Hansen, owner of the field; and her brother-in-law, Claude Hopkins, a minor poet of whom Larsen is unfondly jealous.

Claude Hopkins tries to buy Frieda's field for two hundred dollars, concealing the existence of the gravel pit and an offer of five thousand dollars; and when he disappears, leaving his parked car with trampled, bloodstained snow around it, State troopers suspect Larsen, who has gone out with his rifle in a buff "to shoot squirrels" after seeing Claude in conversation with

another. No Minnie! And no one could even recall whether she had come into the house or not.

I wailed, "Terry told me not to let her out of my sight!" "Run out to the road, Larsen, and see if you can find her," the doctor ordered; but as the order was obeyed, he added, "Not that I expect he will. The chances are she's gone back to the cave. Pity," he grunted. "But never mind. Let's have all you can tell us, Miss Martha, and fast."

To the accompaniment of gasps of amazement and horror from Frieda and Elly, I sketched as rapidly as I could my journey with Minnie through the tunnel, our finding of Terence, and the struggle that resulted in von Mechlin's capture.

"When I left," I concluded, "the German was lying on the bench, bound and gagged, and his gun was in Terry's possession. Terry said he'd trust to luck if Heinrich Schmuck got there before you did, Dr. Meadows—but Schmuck is there this very minute! He passed us on the road."

Frieda. A note is found in Claude's car, "Keep away from Frieda Hansen's field if you value your life."

Minnie is terrified into leaving the Fairfields by her father, but through her efforts the entrance to the tunnel is unearthed; before it can be explored Terry also disappears, following a hunch which he believes will unravel the mystery. Martha learns from Minnie that he is a prisoner in one of the caves where Rideau is hiding escaped German prisoners from Canada.

The girls go to the outside cave through the tunnel, finding Terry bound and gagged. They free him, but hide when Rideau and a German, von Mechlin, enter the cave. From their talk, the eavesdroppers learn that the German prisoners are to escape in trucks at four o'clock that morning; that the brains of the scheme is Heinrich Schmuck; and that Claude was shot not by Larsen but by von Mechlin, because he had discovered the trucks hidden in the gravel pit. When Rideau has gone out, Terry fights von Mechlin, knocks him unconscious, and binds him to the bench. He sends the girls back to tell Dr. Meadows about the trucks, but he himself will not leave until Claude, who is also held prisoner in the caves, is rescued.

"And Rideau—where was he?" the doctor asked anxiously. "In the tunnel. I'm afraid Minnie has gone back to rescue him before the troopers get there!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," Dr. Meadows grunted, and Larsen, who had come in quietly while I was talking, spread out his big hands in an eloquent gesture which indicated that he had found no sign of Minnie. There was no time for further comment, for a motor horn sounded twice from the road and Dr. Meadows jumped to his feet.

"I'm off," he said, hauling on coat and gloves. Then he turned to me, smiling. "Don't worry," he comforted me. "Terry can take care of himself—and with any luck we'll have the whole gang in our hands before you are thoroughly thawed out."

So long, folks! Thanks again, Miss Martha. And he was gone.

Uncle Simm, rampant in his wheeled chair, was snorting at me, "So it was Minnie who threw that gravel at your window? Oh, I heard you creepin' down the stairs and felt the draught when you opened the door. I waited a while, wonderin' what in tunket you was up to, and then the door opened agin and you snuk past my door to the kitchen. 'Martha's hungry, likely,' I thought, 'and she's raidin' the icebox.' Well, that was all right and I sorta dozed off—but I was still awake enough to have known if you'd come out into the dinin' room. When you didn't, I called out to you good and loud, and when you didn't answer, I banged on the ceiling with my cane. That brought Elly down on the run—and then," he chuckled, "we had ructions around here!"

"I was so frightened!" Elly broke in. "I sent Larsen right over



"TELL US WHAT HAPPENED," UNCLE SIMM  
SNAPPED—AND TERRY BEGAN THE TALE

to McGovern's for Rob, and when he came over, he said Terry was missing, too."

"There were more ructions," said Uncle Simm dryly. "But Frieda showed some sense in the midst of all the carryin' on. She made coffee for all of us. And I say, let's have another cup all around while we wait for the next thing to happen."

We waited, and how long and how anxiously I watched the hands of the old kitchen clock I shall never forget. Once in a while the swaying pendulum would lull me into a half-doze from which I would start awake with Terry's engaging Irish grin dancing before my eyes. I couldn't bear to have anything happen to him.

Finally Frieda came over to my chair. "Try to sleep a bit," she said. "I'll wake you as soon as we get word of any kind." But it was Major's sharp inquiring bark from the next room that woke me, just as the wheezy old clock struck the hour of four.

"Someone is running up the drive," Frieda said eagerly. "And Major is trying to tell us that it's Terry!"

I threw the quilt off my shoulders and was struggling to my feet as the kitchen door opened. And there stood Terry!

"Terry!" I cried. "I've never been so glad to see anyone in all my life! What happened after we left? I know Schmuck arrived—we passed him. What did you do? Are you all right?"

"Hello, everybody," Terry grinned. "Martha, one thing at a time, if you please, and everything in its proper place." I could have strangled him in my impatience. "You're a good one," he said. "What did you let Minnie get away for?"

"Oh, Terry," I faltered. "I thought she was with Dr. Meadows, and he thought she was with me. Did she go back to the cave?"

"I'll say she did," Terry flashed. "Everything else is in the bag, but Minnie and that precious father of hers are hiding out in the woods somewhere."

I must have been the picture of dismay, for Terry patted my hand. "Cheer up," he said, "we'll get 'em—Rideau, at any rate. Personally, I'd be glad to see Minnie clear of the mess. I owe her a lot—my life, probably. I know you people are dying to hear what happened, but before I say another word, Frieda, give me some coffee and a couple of those sinkers!"

"Fine talk," the tall girl said gravely, "for a sophomore in college. But I know what you mean."

Terry gulped a doughnut in two bites, then paced the floor with his coffee cup in his hand, to my uncle's exasperation.

"Boy!" Terry kept exclaiming. "Boy, oh, boy! What a night!"

"Set down!" Uncle Simm snapped finally, "and tell us what happened."

Terry flopped down on the floor at my side.

"Where's Claude?" I prompted. "I thought you'd bring him back with you."

"Thanks for reminding me," Terry said. "Frieda, I thought you'd like to tell your sister that Claude is being taken to the

Plattsburg Hospital. He'll be in good shape to see her any time she goes over there. It seems he was fussing around the gravel pit in your field the day he disappeared—and quite by accident he stumbled on some trucks the Germans had hidden there for their getaway. Von Mechlin was on the spot and when Claude began to ask questions, he threatened him. Claude ran toward his car—and von Mechlin shot him in the leg. He told Doc later that he dared not let Claude go—he had seen too much. They carried Claude to the cave and the Germans dressed his leg very capably. All he needs now is a thorough rest. Want to 'phone Helga that bit of good news?"

"I do want to, and I will at once!" Frieda beamed.

"Bawl her out good!" Uncle Simm called after her, but I suspected that Frieda had been yearning for just such a chance as this to patch up the years-old quarrel. And Helga, now that Frieda was to be the monied member of the family, would meet her sister more than half-way—I felt sure of that! I turned my attention back to Terry.

"Their plan," he was saying, "was neat. Heinrich Schmuck is the head of a sort of underground railroad which has been passing German war prisoners from Canada all the way across this country and over the Mexican border. The old cave where slaves used to hide out was the first stop, after Rideau had brought the prisoners down the lake from Canada in his boat."

"And Rideau's big order of canned goods—and the sheep he and the German stole from Hi Nason—I suppose they were used to feed the men while they were held in the cave," I burst out.

"What'd I tell you, Goldenhair?" beamed Uncle Simm.

Elly put in, "What did Claude have to do with this gang?"

"Claude kept hanging around Frieda's field because of his own little scheme that Doc told you about. Rideau put that note in his driving glove to keep him away, but our poet never read the message. He went to the gravel pit

that day to shovel the loose gravel back into the shaft, after Bryant's man had made his examination—and, as I told you, he stumbled on the hidden trucks and von Mechlin shot him. Then—only a few minutes after they had carried Claude to the cave—Martha and I came jingling gayly along in the sleigh."

"Then it was von Mechlin—," I began and Terry nodded.

"Yes, he fired at us, hoping to scare us into making a dash for home and keeping our noses out of his affairs."

Uncle Simm's bright black eyes were twinkling as he leaned forward. "This here von Mechlin's as dumb as most Nazis, to think he could scare an Irishman and my Goldenhair so easy."

Terry laughed. "He sure overplayed his hand that time, sir," he said. "After the shooting, he had to run the trucks to a safer hiding place, or they would have been discovered when the field was searched—it was impossible, of course, to follow their tracks, even in the snow, after they reached the highway. But the hue and cry over Claude's disappearance made the whole thing so risky the gang were forced to make their getaway



"WHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU BEEN?" HE QUESTIONED ME

sooner than they'd planned." He paused a moment for breath. "Whatever made you suspect they'd do that?" I asked.

"Don't you remember, Martha," Terry said, "that we were nearly run down by two troopers when we were walking back to the house after we found Major yesterday morning? It suddenly flashed into my mind that, as the search for Claude grew hotter, the danger of discovery for Schmuck's precious gang increased. Rideau isn't called 'the old fox' for nothing, and I had a hunch if Doc waited till to-morrow—he was planning to do that because of what von Mechlin told him—it would be too late."

"You don't mean to tell us that von Mechlin kindly confided the day and the hour of the move to Dr. Meadows?" I demanded incredulously.

Terry grinned. "I guess you know by now that Doc is working for the F.B.I. for the duration. Well, von Mechlin, posing as a German refugee, keeps a roadhouse as a blind down Saratoga way, and Doc has been doing some investigating in that neighborhood."

Uncle Simm and I cried out together. "Roadhouse!" "Saratoga!"

I remembered that Dr. Meadows had boarded the train at Saratoga that stormy night when I arrived; and also that it was the owner of a Saratoga roadhouse who had wanted to buy the Fairfield home.

Uncle Simm was chuckling. "So when that German offered to buy my place, he only wanted to get his hands on the tunnel leading from our cellar to this cave in the Hollow?"

"Right, sir," agreed Terry. "And when Minnie came here to work, Rideau forced her to let him down cellar so he could open up the tunnel."

"Of course," I cried. "I told you it was Rideau who frightened her that day when she went down for the wine—remember? But what did von Mechlin tell Dr. Meadows?"

"Meadows had spotted the German refugee in Saratoga as a phony," Terry continued amiably, "so when he finished giving Claude's stuff the once-over at the hotel in Essex and ran into von Mechlin going into the bar, he smelled a rat. He led the German to believe all the dope about the Hollow and Schmuck's operations was known—and von Mechlin, who would sell his own grandmother for a copper cent, gave Doc the story in the hope of getting a lighter sentence for himself. He told Doc that the move was to be made to-morrow morning—and that if Doc would have the cave surrounded then, he could bag the lot of them including Schmuck, the ringleader, who would be there to take the prisoners away. He promised to return to the gang, keep mum, and see that plans went through on schedule."

Terry helped himself to another doughnut and Frieda refilled his cup. "Doc had let me in on the whole thing," he continued between bites, "and when I had that hunch about the change in time, I decided to find out for myself."

"Terry," Elly exclaimed, her soft voice trembling, "how did you ever dare go through that tunnel and burst in on those Germans?"

"I got along fine," he said soberly, "till Rideau recognized me. I don't know what would have happened then, if Martha and Minnie hadn't been daring enough to come after me."

He set his coffee cup on the table. "After the girls left, I crouched down in your hiding place, Martha, behind the water barrel. Pretty soon Rideau came running back through the tunnel. I figured he'd probably discovered the broken bolt. He looked around—for von Mechlin, I suppose—and when he

saw only the bound and gagged man on the bench, he thought it was I, of course, and burst into the inner room. Just then signal knocks sounded on the outside door. I knew it must be Schmuck, and when Rideau came running out to let him in, you can be sure I kept my finger on the trigger of von Mechlin's gun. Rideau began shouting that von Mechlin was a traitor—that he was gone—that someone must have discovered the tunnel because the bolt was broken. 'We got to get out of here,' he shouted.

"Schmuck ordered him to shut up, and called the prisoners to come in from the inner room. In a businesslike way he distributed supplies; then he began to herd the Germans toward the door. Suddenly—and I can't tell you what a start it gave me—there was Minnie. She was holding on to her father's sleeve and talking earnestly—I suppose she must have come in by the tunnel while I was watching Schmuck. The next thing I knew, Schmuck had unlocked the door and ordered the prisoners to go out to the trucks—and then the troopers came pouring in! Was I glad! My knees were cracking by that time. Boy, it was a grand fight!"

"What happened to Rideau and Minnie?" I asked.

"I didn't see them," Terry answered, "but I figure they must have made their getaway by the lake entrance."

"What about Rob?" Elly questioned anxiously. "Is he all right?"

"Right as rain," Terry assured her. "We all drove past here half an hour ago—Doc and I in one of the police cars, and the prisoners in their own vans. Doc dropped me off at my house so that I could tell my mother I was safe and sound, and as soon as I had done that I dashed over here. Doc said he'd call me when they reached the county jail. He thought he might get some word of Rideau's whereabouts."

"Poor Minnie!" Elly murmured, and even Uncle Simm echoed her sigh, though he immediately coughed to hide that sign of weakness. We all jumped at the sudden jangle of the telephone bell.

"That must be Doc now!" Terry cried, and strode to the 'phone. "Yes, Doc?" we heard him say, and after a long pause, "Is that right? . . . Who found him? . . . Old Jay? Well I'll be jiggered! . . . Yep, maybe it's best, after all . . . Sure, I'll tell her." He rang off, and his face was grave when he came back into the kitchen.

"Well, Rideau's jig is up," he said. "He's dead."

"Dead!" we all gasped.

Terry nodded. "Fractured skull. Old Jay 'phoned the news to Doc at the jail. It seems Jay had been taking care of a sick cow most of the night, and was driving home when he saw Minnie sitting in a daze by the side of the road. The poor thing told Jay her father had missed his footing, climbing down those slippery rocks to where his boat was tied—planning to escape to Canada by way of the lake, I suppose. He was dead when Jay got to him. The old

man's bringing Minnie here, Elly. Doc told him to, because he thought you might be willing to take care of her for a while."

"Of course I will," Elly said warmly. "I'm heart sorry for the poor creature." She turned to Uncle Simm. "I'll take you back to your room now, Father. I don't believe you can stand any more ructions to-night."

Frieda went off quietly, too, to get Minnie's old room ready for her; and Larsen, who had hung about with shining milk pails, departed for the barn. Terry and I, alone in the quiet kitchen, exchanged tremulous smiles.

(Continued on page 42)

## Party Wraps

By DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

Hats with veils and hats without,  
Topped with fur or feather,  
Scarfs and gloves all strewn about,  
Coats in rows together—

Not like hats on shopmen's shelves,  
These on guest-room beds  
Look uneasy by themselves,  
Seem to miss the heads.

Coats are limp which should be round—  
Something lacks in these,  
Wraps that have been worn have found  
Personalities!



# CHRISTMAS

(A shortened version of an article originally published in the *American Girl* for December, 1937)

By LATROBE CARROLL

mas to mind we think of roast goose, deliciously cooked and seasoned; of plum puddings in the shape of cannon balls with sprigs of holly perched jauntily on top; of great logs blazing; of carols; of bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked children gathered round fir trees hung with gifts. We think of old, oak-paneled country inns, still steeped in an aura of stage-coach days when candles lit up rare pewter, and beamed ceilings gave back the sound of lifted voices.

Colorful as such a Christmas is, the British yuletide of medieval times was even more striking, if less Christian in mood. A typical ceremony was that of the boar's head. After the guests had taken their places at table in a country mansion's great hall, a flourish of trumpets would resound. Then, as minstrels played and sang, a serving man made an entrance with a boar's head, richly decorated and garlanded, on a platter of silver or gold. As he strode toward the table to set the dramatic dish before the master of the house, he sang a carol—perhaps the well known one that ends

*"The boar's head in hand bring I  
"With garlands gay and rosemary—  
"I pray you all sing merrily."*

Strangely, the peacock ranked second to the boar's head as a delicacy. Often a roast peacock stuffed with spices and herbs was brought in as the center decoration of a pie as big as a cartwheel.

Also, there was the ceremony of the yule log. Such a log was usually so big that it had to be dragged by horses. Then, while minstrels played and the tenantry shouted happily, it was maneuvered into the great hall and into the fireplace, with rollers and levers.

Emphatically, there was nothing small about the way an English Christmas was celebrated in those good old days!

Many people, in that Britain of long ago, held quaint beliefs about wonders supposed to happen in the magical hours of Christmas Eve. They thought that bells, sunk fathoms deep in the sea, rang out in muffled peals, mysterious lights glowed in caves; bees sang thin, sweet melodies; cattle knelt as though in adoration; cocks crowed from dusk to dawn to scare bad spirits away. Nor was that all. Horses and cattle were gifted with human speech for a full hour. They held forth wisely, we are told, on the loftiest subjects, switching their tails and stamping their hoofs to drive each weighty point home.

Was jolly old Santa, himself, a gift of those imaginative times? Apparently not. The English have their Santa Claus—often called Father Christmas—but he's said to have been "made in America." Just how did we get him, so we could export him?

It appears that, in the fourth century after Christ's birth, the best-known, best-loved man in the town of Myra in Asia Minor was a certain bishop. He's thought to have taken special, kindly interest in sailors and children.

CHRISTMAS customs in Christian lands are a rich blending of ancient usages, hallowed and made beautiful through association with the Day of Days.

To illustrate, let's take a trip through time, back to an age before Christ was born. Now we're in a grove of gnarled old oaks. Men, robed in white, are walking through the grove in solemn procession. They gather round an ancient tree. One of them lifts a golden knife, cuts a strange-looking plant from a low branch, drops it into a snow-white cloth held by reverent hands.

A puzzling scene if we don't know that we are in ancient Celtic Britain and that the robed figures are druids—the priests or "medicine men" of those old days. The plant in the white cloth is mistletoe. The druids believe it works wonders—think it so magical, so sacred, in fact, that it must never be allowed to touch the ground. Water, however, it may touch, since water drops from heaven. We see the mistletoe plunged into fresh, pure water, then broken into small bits by the priests and distributed to a rejoicing populace. The mystical parasite is slow death to the tree it grows on, but the priests we are watching believe it brings good luck to man.

Our journey through time—in reverse now—begins again, and lands us safely in our own day. Back in the present, we find that

the "lucky" mistletoe of ancient Britain has lingered on in the traditional English yuletide and has come down the ages to us, adding the charm of quaintness to our own Christmas. We don't believe the mistletoe is magical. But, even so, if a sprig of mistletoe falls after it's been hung up, we may hear some superstitious person cry out, "Too bad! That's unlucky!"

The druids weren't alone in standing in awe of mistletoe. The ancient Greeks revered it. The pre-Christian Scandinavians held it in veneration. Wasn't it sacred to Friga, their goddess of love? And so, when we kiss under the mistletoe, good old Friga is back of it—at least, many historians think so.

The English Christmas, of course, gave us much more than the rather incidental mistletoe. Among the less important things, we borrowed the plum pudding from it, holly, mince pie, and the yule log—that we now call the Christmas log, or the Christmas fire. We borrowed carols and songs. Much more significant, the English who came to America as colonists brought with them the spirit of their yuletide; a mood of self-forgetfulness, of thought for less-fortunate people, of open-handed giving. And we share with the English themselves a whole glowing literature centering around Christmas.

When we call the modern English Christ-

# AROUND the WORLD

*In Christmas customs and legends of other countries are many ideas for Girl Scout plays, pageants, festivals, and good fun*

This man, destined later to be the center of a rich cluster of legends, was no other than good Saint Nicholas himself. He's now the patron saint of Sicily, of Greece, of children, of sailors, and merchants. Old Russia, before the revolution, used to love and revere him. Moreover he has his very own feast day—and it isn't Christmas. It falls on December sixth.

The Dutch, who lived in New York when that city was a village called New Amsterdam, thought a lot of Saint Nicholas and celebrated his feast day solemnly. They sometimes shortened his name to "Santa Claus."

The British, who shared little old New York with the Dutch, liked Santa. They took him over—lifted him right out of his own December feast day and set him down into Christmas. Transplanted, he did well, came through our Revolution a more vigorous figure than ever. His personality was changing, growing less austere.

The person who did more than any other to make Santa Claus the delightful character we know was Clement C. Moore whose poem, *A Visit From St. Nicholas*, was published in 1844. In that beguiling piece—afterwards called *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*—Moore drew a jovial, pot-bellied little person who had nothing in common, save a love of children, with the venerated Bishop of Myra. He made him a fur-clad dweller in the North, gave him "a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer." After Moore finished with him, Santa stopped fluctuating. He was completed, his character and appearance fixed for all time.

The Hollanders had handed us the basis of our Santa Claus, but it was German settlers in America who gave us our lighted, gift-bearing Christmas tree.

In England, too, the Christmas tree was a welcome "immigrant." It wasn't a part of the ancient British Christmas—was unknown, we're told, in Britain till the early part of the nineteenth century. The Christmas tree's homeland was Germany. It wasn't really popular in England until after a certain Christmas in the year 1841. Then an illustrious man of German birth had such a tree set up in Windsor Castle. He was Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort. Even as late as 1850 we find Charles Dickens writing about the Christmas tree as "a new German toy."...

**I**N RURAL Holland and Belgium it's usual—or was, not many years ago—for children to put their shoes out hopefully that evening (*December fifth*). The Dutch and Belgian Santa doesn't drive reindeer. He rides a donkey, or a white horse. Kindly little girls and boys remember his mount, certain to be hungry after bringing Santa so far. Into their wooden shoes they slip hay, or a big carrot.

Morning comes. The children run to the shoes. Usually the fodder is gone and toys, or candies, are in its place. But if the owners of the shoes have misbehaved, the food for Saint Nick's mount is untouched. And, in-

stead of gifts, they find ominous switches. . . .

Swedish people, so roguish at times, are as kindly as they are fun-loving. Swedes usually don't forget birds or animals at the Christmas season. Wild birds find sheaves of grain above the snow. Cattle are given an extra helping of the finest forage. Horses get choice hay—and it's said they used to be given yuletide ale! Dogs, cats, and other pets draw big portions of their favorite foods. . . .

When we look at Latin lands, we see a different yuletide. In the south, the beautiful Midnight Mass—solemnized in almost every country of the world—strikes a dominant note. In southern France, in Italy, Christmas trees are rare. There weren't many of them in Spain even before Rebels and Loyalists began to fight. The "crib," or *crèche*, is more typical of such lands. A crib is, of course, a realistic representation of the manger in which the Savior was born, and of the Adoration scene. At its simplest it shows the Virgin with the infant Jesus, Saint Joseph, the cattle. Often it's more elaborate and the Three Wise Men, a choir of angels, and many other figures have a place in it. In humble homes such a crib usually stands on a table in the corner of the largest room. . . .

It used to be a Christmas custom in southern France for children to comb the countryside in search of "background" for cribs. They brought back moss, lichens, laurels, holly, small white stones. Then, with loving fingers, they laid out a little landscape and set the Holy Family in the midst of it. The simple sweetness of this way of worship has touched many a traveler.

In France small children are given presents on Christmas, but for adults New Year's Day is gift day. In Italy and Spain, children get their presents on Epiphany Eve, or Twelfth Night—that is, on January fifth. With Spanish children, the bringers of gifts are, or were, the Three Wise Men—called by Spaniards the Three Holy Kings. . . .

Good little boys and girls in Italy are brought presents by an odd and interesting woman—the Befana. (Her name comes from *Epiphania*, Italian for Epiphany.) She's the Santa of the South, but unlike our own Santa she can be rather frightening at times. Italian children, we're told, take her seriously; they look forward with sharp anxiety to her coming. And no wonder, for Italian mothers sometimes warn their little ones that the Befana will get them if they're naughty. She leaves nice things in good children's stockings, but disobedient ones may find nothing but an efficient-looking switch, or a big, black, sullen lump of coal.

In tropical lands all around the globe missionaries and others have introduced a life-giving tree, the algaroba or mesquite. It grows fast, thrives in arid places, yields firewood, fodder, shade. You'll hear it called the Christmas tree of the tropics.

Early on Christmas morning, when sun-



shine streams brilliantly across the earth, children in hot, primitive lands love to dance around an algaroba hung with simple gifts. Usually one special tree, left alive and growing, is decorated every yuletide season. It's rarely cut down and taken indoors.

Let's go now from tropical regions to cold ones, to the far North. You might suppose the Eskimos would have a meager Christmas—and, unfortunately, you'd be right. The poor Eskimos have found it hard to understand just what we mean by "the Christmas spirit." To live, they must fight a bleak, bitter world that seems to want to kill them. Nature, apparently, is their enemy, and in most men's minds nature and God are closely linked. So it isn't strange that the Eskimo's own religion teams with evil spirits. Missionaries must labor to convince them that God is good, that Jesus is the Hope of the World, that the day of His birth is a time for joy.

It's impossible, we're told, to talk to them in Christian symbols familiar to us. For instance, certain missionaries tried hard to think of some way to make Eskimos grasp the phrase, "the lamb of God," for their pupils had never seen a lamb. At last one missionary hit upon a substitution that brought a light to his charges' faces. It was "the little seal of God."

Under the missionaries' promptings the Eskimos give each other a few poor gifts. All in all, their Christmas is the leanest, perhaps, the barest of any on earth.

Just where is the most abundant Christmas? Many a traveler would tell us we don't have to leave home to find it.

Americans have borrowed a shining store of Christmas traditions from other nations. What have we ourselves contributed?

The answer, it would seem, is "Santa's personality." Our Santa Claus would be shocked at the sight of a switch. He doesn't try to discipline children. His only job is to make all of them happy. In fact, he's such an irresistible fellow that other countries have said, or are saying, "Welcome, old boy—come on in!"

And that's typical of the world's Christmas customs: there's nothing narrowly nationalistic about them. They pass from land to land to brighten the world's best season.

# THE GIRL SCOUTS S

## A MERRY CH



THIS GIRL SCOUT SMILES AS SHE HANGS UP A PINE-  
CONE-STUDED WREATH OF FRAGRANT EVERGREEN AND  
SCARLET BERRIES TO EVOKE THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



AN ATTRACTIVE WRAPPING IS HALF  
THE FUN OF GIVING OR RECEIVING A  
GIFT. THE GIRL SCOUTS OF GREAT  
FALLS, MONTANA LEARN TO WRAP  
ECONOMICALLY AND CONSERVE PAPER



MRS. E. SWIFT NEWTON, CHAIRMAN  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMIT-  
TEE, AND A LEADER, MRS. JAMES  
FAY, WATCH SCOUTS TRACING  
RUSSIAN LETTERING ON CASES OF  
EVAPORATED MILK CONTRIBUTED  
TO RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF. THE  
LETTERING IS A MESSAGE OF  
GOOD WILL TO YOUNG PEOPLE  
IN THE SOVIET UNION FROM  
THE AMERICAN GIRL SCOUTS.



*Right:* BRITISH GIRL GUIDES SORTING  
CLOTHING SENT THEM BY THE GIRL SCOUTS  
THROUGH THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION



S SG, WORK, *and* PLAN

CHRISTMAS TO ALL



IN THEIR TROOP MEETING, BROWNIES RENDER AN IMPORTANT SERVICE TO THEIR COUNTRY AT CHRISTMAS TIME FOLDING TUBERCULOSIS SEALS

*Left:* NIGHT VIEW OF THE COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS TREE ERECTED IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK CITY



GIRL SCOUTS ENJOY ATTENDING CHRISTMAS EVE CAROL SERVICES



AN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, SENIOR SCOUT EXHIBITS TOYS WHICH ILLUSTRATE CLASSIC STORIES. THESE TOYS WERE MADE FOR A FEDERAL NURSERY



*Left:* PACKING THE CLOTHING AND TOYS SENT THROUGH THE ENGLISH SPEAKING UNION TO THE CHILDREN OF GREAT BRITAIN BY GIRL SCOUTS

## PRESENT for ELLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10



IF YOU ARE UNCERTAIN HOW TO MAKE

**"GOOD PICTURES"**

WRITE TODAY

FOR THIS 56 PAGE BOOK. IT WILL HELP YOU SOLVE

EXPOSURE PROBLEMS

SELECTION OF FILM

WHAT TO PHOTOGRAPH

PICTURES IN COLOR

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MICHIGAN

"Two dollars," Butch answered firmly.  
"Well, here!" Mr. Meisner produced two greasy bills from a drawer. "Good day to you, young man."

"Thanks," Butch grinned. "And Merry Christmas."

"Hmm," said Mr. Meisner.

"Old Scrooge," Butch muttered, safely outside again. But Sam Swisher wasn't like that. He'd go to the picture shop and see what kind of a dicker he could make.

Swisher's, only a few doors away, was fairly bubbling over with Christmas spirit. A hidden radio was playing carols, clerks were flying about wrapping last-minute orders, and Sam Swisher himself, harassed but cheerful, was behind the delivery desk.

"Hello, Butch," he said. "Tom, let's have the Conover job. Thanks!" He held the picture up for Butch's inspection. "Nice, eh? I think that wide fumed oak with just the gold line sets off the colors very neatly."

"It does look super," Butch agreed, feeling a thrill of creative pride in spite of his inner turmoil. "But listen, Mr. Swisher. I've only got three dollars with me. Couldn't I run errands or something for you and earn the rest?"

"Well," Mr. Swisher began, and was interrupted by the sharp summons of the telephone at his elbow. "Yes?" he said. "What's that again, Alice? Calm down and talk slowly—I can't understand a word you're saying . . . I see. He didn't turn up at all, and your bridge luncheon's at twelve. . . . No, I certainly can *not* spare Tom or Jack. We're busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives right now. But wait a sec," Mr. Swisher's eye surveyed Butch and there was speculation in its gleam. "Alice, I think maybe I can fix things for you," he said. "I'll call you back, dear."

He hung up the receiver and beckoned to Butch. "Did you mean that—about wanting to square the picture deal with a little work?" he asked.

"Oh, sure," Butch answered, but with some misgiving. He knew the energetic Mrs. Swisher.

His feeling of uneasiness was soon justified. The boy who usually cleaned the snow away from the walks and driveway of the Swisher residence, Mr. Swisher explained, had failed to put in an appearance that morning, and it was essential that the job should be done before noon. "You kite right up there and get busy," the art dealer concluded, "and when you come back I'll have your picture prettied up in our fanciest wrapping and you won't owe me a penny. How's that?"

"It's a deal," Butch said.

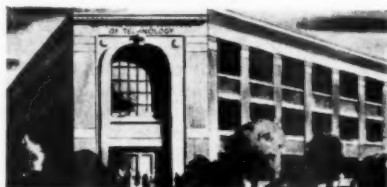
THE Swisher home was one of the old four-square brick houses on R Street, set back in deep grounds, with a driveway that wound a seemingly interminable length around numerous Victorian flower-beds. Butch, armed with a wooden shovel secured from the cook at the back door, tackled the sidewalks first. The snow was soggy and heavy to lift, but he cleaned both the front walk and the path to the front door to his own satisfaction within

(Continued on page 29)

# The boy we set to dreaming

This is the way he looked half-a-dozen years ago when we said, in a widely read advertisement:

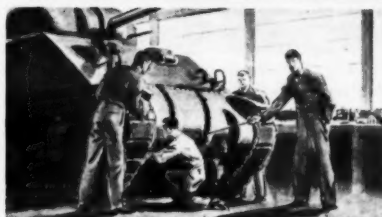
"We hope that somewhere we have set a boy to dreaming — and started him on a road of usefulness and service to himself, his country and his fellow men."



And it seems that we have done just that—for thousands. Many of these thousands, in fact, have taken advantage of the modern equipment and expert instruction that the General Motors Institute makes available to GM employees.



General Motors Institute began pioneering in the field of industrial education 25 years ago, when evening classes were started for employees in this unused factory building. Every year the General Motors Institute grew in scope and in size. It was a success from the start.



Came the war, and General Motors Institute was converted like other GM facilities. Courses were altered to give special training in war products.



Both Army and Navy took advantage of Institute equipment and instruction for technical training. Thousands of men attended these classes.



Young women, as well as young men, trained here and took important posts in war-busy factories. Institute-trained instructors went to Army and Navy service depots to keep war machines running.



In peacetime, students will again return to learn how to supply a war-worn world with the things it needs. This student, working from a blueprint, is a symbol of better things and greater days ahead.

## GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER  
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Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

And the proud thing to us is that the General Motors Institute has not only contributed to the production of more and better "things" in wartime. It has also produced more and better opportunities — opened up bright and promising careers — prepared American boys for useful, constructive lives. And the world will have great need for these trained, eager young men when the final peace is signed.

**KEEP AMERICA STRONG  
BUY MORE WAR BONDS**



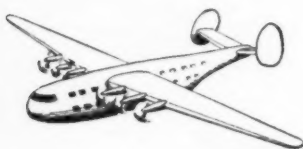
## IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

### LINK BETWEEN EARTH AND SKY

Close to Jamaica Bay, about twelve miles from Manhattan's center, something very big is taking shape. Bulldozers, steam shovels, and grading machines are busily building runways for an astonishing airport. Idlewild is its name. When finished, it will cover more than four thousand three hundred acres. It will be the largest, most up-to-date, best equipped flying field on earth.

Some of us are a little tired of hearing and reading about a future world of the air—a fantasy world in which the sky will be dark with flying machines and every lawn will have



a helicopter sitting on it. But the era of civilian flight which Idlewild will serve is for the near, the tangible future—not for the distant Utopia of what has been called "the Buck Rogers school of aviation forecasting."

Idlewild, now being built by a very un-Buck-Rogerish staff of engineers headed by Mr. Jay Downer, will be ready for flight operations next fall—at least, that's the expectation. Present estimates put the cost at about seventy-one million dollars. The initial six runways—there may be twelve, eventually—will have a total length of no less than nine miles.

"The runways," Mr. Downer said, "can be built before the end of the war because they don't need critical materials. The buildings may have to be temporary."

After Idlewild hits its stride, we're told, it will be able to handle three hundred and sixty incoming and outgoing planes an hour. By contrast, La Guardia Field, New York's largest airport, has a capacity of four hundred and fifty a day. Twenty-five thousand passengers a day are expected to flow in and out of Idlewild's gates. Its runways will meet the needs of planes more than three times as heavy as any now existing. Planes will take off and land even in the thickest fog by the use of radar.

The great transoceanic airliners foreshadowed by the plans for Idlewild will shrink the globe to a degree difficult to imagine. Already our earth is a puny planet to the lordly young flyers of our armed forces. In front of a hangar on Craig Field, Alabama—a mili-

tary airport—there hangs a sign which reads, "There is not a single spot on the face of the earth more than thirty-six hours away from Craig Field."

Our Army has a complete world airway system with more than a thousand communications stations. Our Navy operates a smaller, topnotch transport network. Under the two branches of the service, eleven commercial airlines are flying on regular schedules, by a leasing arrangement. One of the commercial lines alone—American Airlines—has been flying the Atlantic on an average of fourteen times a day.

Our air forces can now carry anything or anybody anywhere, in new giant cargo planes. Not long ago, an eight-thousand-pound triphammer took a trip from La Guardia Field to the China-Burma-India theater of combat.

The war, in short, has flung American aviation into such high gear that fifteen years of normal progress have been crowded into the three years since Pearl Harbor. Building planes is now our biggest business—five times as large as the great automobile industry was in 1940. In the past year, about eighty times as many Americans threw their energies into making ships of the air, or flying them, as in the twelve months before we went to war.

It's hard for the average civilian to realize just how intense the global speed-up has been, unless he has had rare opportunities to look, listen, and learn. The urgent, winged world of Army and Navy flying is not apt to be part of his daily life. The years that will follow the end of the war, however, should change his mental picture.

In the coming era of flight, the salesman next door may tell you one day, "Oh, by the way, I flew down to Buenos Aires and back last week. Took me twenty-one hours each way; cost me three hundred and fifty dollars." And the girl who lives in the next block may say to you, "I'm hopping off for London this afternoon—be there tomorrow in time for lunch. The round-trip fare's usually four hundred dollars, but I got a special excursion rate of three hundred and thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents. Come see me off at Idlewild."

Talk of that sort will bring out the taken-for-granted nature of post-war flying. Idlewild won't be unique. Many cities besides New York are planning to build airports just as modern, as huge, as breath-taking.

For great numbers of men in our armed forces, the Age of Flight is here. For civilians, it should come within the next ten years—and the bulldozers leveling Idlewild's sandy soil are a portent of its coming.

### CHARMERS OF THE NOSE

Did you ever leave butter and onions sitting cheek by jowl in your icebox? If so, you've discovered that the butter gave off an odor of onions after you took it out. On this unromantic principle—the odor-absorbing habits of fatty, oily things—was founded one of the most romantic of all trades, the trade of perfume making. It seems romantic, at least, to outsiders. To those who actually work at it, it is a routine job.

The perfume-yielding essence of flowers is, itself, a volatile, aromatic oil. So when the early scent-producers, taking advantage of what we might call the oils-absorb-smells principle, mixed certain oils with crushed flowers, the fragrant essences were captured. But the process involved so many distillations to salvage the concentrated essence, that vast quantities of blossoms had to be treated before even a thimbleful of perfume could be separated from the sweet-smelling masses. It took five hundred thousand orange blossoms, for instance, to produce a pound of orange-blossom oil.

The tidy little town of Grasse, in the south of France, was the first place to turn this method of making perfume into a business of importance. Starting off in a small way, many generations ago, its fragrant trade grew and grew until more than sixty thousand acres of flowers were blossoming all around it. Its ancient perfume-producing technique is still in use. But today's fragrance wizard is more apt to depend on a process utilizing chemicals which dissolve the essential oils in petals.

Many modern chemists, though, create essences which never had even a bowing ac-



quaintance with flowers. They've found that test-tube perfumes can duplicate, approximately, the scents of blossoms. And they've invented new fragrances which would startle any bee.

Familiar scents, however, are still tops. A recent "odor questionnaire" revealed that the average American likes the fragrance of roses—real roses in a garden—better than any other. Second choice: pine, lilac. Third: the modest violet.

## PRESENT for ELLY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

an hour. He was resting a moment, puffing and conscious of a slight stiffness in his shoulders, when Mrs. Swisher, after tapping on a window to attract his attention, came out on the porch.

"Good morning, Marvin," she said sweetly. "It was lovely of you to help us out. But don't you think you'd better push the snow farther off onto the lawn each side of the walk? I'd like the bricks to be real dry before the ladies get here. Do you mind?"

"No, ma'am," Butch said with more courtesy than truth. "But if I do that, I'll never be able to clear the driveway before twelve."

"Just let the driveway go, then," Mrs. Swisher beamed, and added with a smile of dreadful archness, "I understand you're doing this to help pay for your Christmas present to that sweet little Elly Trask! I do think that's just too romantic."

"Hub," Butch grunted after the door had closed behind her. "Romantic? If this is romance," he muttered bitterly, "I'll take vanilla!" and bent his aching shoulders once more to the task. He was a husky football player and a keen boxer, but there is something about the monotony of a single motion repeated again and again that will make the strongest muscles shriek in protest. It was a weary and disgruntled Butch who skirted the side of the house and handed in his shovel just as the Georgetown factory whistles were announcing the midday hour.

But some ten minutes later, Butch, walking away from the art shop with a square, gaudily decorated package under one arm, was whistling happily. His problem was solved and Thursday afternoon's affair in the chemistry lab and all its consequences were fading from his mind. For Monday would be Christmas, and Butch was certain that everything he wanted, including that super-duper catcher's mitt, would be waiting for him under the tree. Approaching the block in which Elly Trask's house stood, he walked down the street and through Elly's back gate.

A glance through the kitchen window showed him that Hannah, the Trasks' efficient New England housekeeper, was busy at the stove. He knocked on the back door, and when Hannah opened it, he held out the package somewhat bashfully.

"Here," he said, "hide this somewhere until Christmas. It's a present for Elly."

## STORMY WEATHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

might compare it to falling overboard not too far from land. If you keep your head, and the tide is right, you might float in. But you can reach the shore faster if you swim. One of the things you *must* avoid is getting in a panic and trying to make it too fast.

Nature is pretty deliberate and orderly in its processes. Don't be downhearted if you don't see results with your skin in a minute, a week, or even a month. This might be a long time to swim—but it isn't too much time to devote to the business of getting a lovely clear complexion. What do you think?

HERE COMES THE



On the skates that make skating  
*More Fun* FOR EVERYONE!  
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JOHNSONS offer 52 different models for men and women, boys and girls. JOHNSONS are scientifically precision-balanced. And they stay sharp *longer* because they're made of special tough tool steel, *diamond-tested* for hardness!

No wonder champion speed skaters, figure skaters, and hockey players prefer real JOHNSONS! No wonder JOHNSONS make skating more fun for *everyone*!



## SKATING FOR FUN

For hockey, or for the healthful thrills of pleasure skating, you'll have more fun when you skate on JOHNSONS!



## FIGURE SKATING

JOHNSONS are centerpoised for feather-like grace, perfect balance. They make figure skating easier!



## SPEED SKATING

Zip ahead of the crowd in any race on JOHNSONS. They're stream-lined, diamond-tested for hardness!

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glamour girl to  
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A gay headpiece to set off your charm—this Fringed Square has an interesting design printed on basket weave rayon. Luscious colors of cherry red, lemon yellow and caramel. Washable, 29" square.

8-521 Yellow  
8-522 Red  
8-523 Caramel

\$1.00 each



Smart girls are wearing a Shoulder Bag of bright green felt—the high fashion color to give a lift to your outfit. 11" wide with plastic zipper and insignia dangle,—who wouldn't be thrilled with this Christmas gift!

11-650—\$2.22 (incl. tax)



You'll love this matching Drawstring Vanity Bag to hold small things tidy in your Shoulder Bag. Cute by itself—"to carry some change and a hankie".

11-649—50c  
(incl. tax)



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## LONE OAK FARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

stretch out full length on the dining room floor, and Gram, after adjusting the lampwick, would begin to read aloud from some book of our choice.

Mingled with the sound of her voice would be the soft flutter of moth-wings along the window screens and the faraway calling of the whippoorwills—and pervading the room would be the odor of the kerosene lamp. It is little wonder that, decades later, in this cabin nearly a thousand miles away, the smell of such a lamp revives so vividly scenes from the past.

It was under such conditions that I heard for the first time all those glorious stories of the out-of-doors and the creatures that inhabit it—such classics of youth as Ernest Thompson Seton's *Lives of the Hunted*, *The Sandhill Stag*, *Two Little Savages*, and *Wild Animals I have Known*; Charles G. D. Roberts's *Red Fox*, *The Hunters of the Silences*, and *The House in the Water*; Clarence Hawkes's *Shaggycoat*; Charles Major's *The Bears of Blue River*; and James Oliver Curwood's *The Wolf Hunters* and *The Gold Hunters*.

They inspired me to try to write stories of my own. The first of these tales concerned the doings of the Lone Oak cats. A troupe of these animals lived in the barn. Gram gave each an original name. One was called Tipperary, another Snip-in-Diaz, a third Old Kitty Flannigan, and a fourth Rose-of-the-Army. At milking time, all the cats and their kittens ranged themselves around Gram. Occasionally, to relieve the monotony of his task, he would squirt a white stream into the open mouth of some mewling kitten. When he was done, he always poured some of the milk into an old pie-tin for the cats. For minutes thereafter, the cow-stable would be filled with the sound of lapping and purring.

In these days, my most ambitious attempt was a book of twenty-five chapters called *Tales of Lone Oak*. I began Chapter One a few weeks after my ninth birthday and completed Chapter Twenty-Five when I was ten. Most of the volume concerned adventures in the woods and fields with a boyhood chum, Verne Bradfield. This unpublished volume was followed by a host of unpublished stories, mostly about creatures of the dunes. I used to spend hours clinging to the ridge of the farmhouse and gazing across the treetops towards the great mountains of wind-blown sand which formed a strange and lonely wilderness along the shore of the lake. I would see great sandhill cranes and bald eagles fly overhead and disappear to the north. Imagining myself flying with them, I would work out stories of their adventures.

Sometimes, when haying was over, or the Fourth of July arrived, I would have a chance to see what lay within and beyond this wilderness of sand hills. We would make a picnic-expedition to the lake. With the lunch packed in baskets, with ice around the lemonade and a freezer of home-made ice cream, we would set out. I usually ran down the road that led to the lake far in advance of the horses. After a swim, I would wander along the deserted beach. It always was a treasure house of new additions for my home museum.

(Continued on page 32)

## WHAT'S on the SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

**Excellent**

### OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY.

One of the pleasantest things about this delightful film is the way it imparts youth and gaiety to the heart of the beholder. Whether you are old enough to be reliving the post-World-War travel adventures of two belles of the 1920's, or young enough to picture your mother in the rôle of a would-be sophisticate of her generation, you'll be charmed by the film's believableness. For it catches the this-is-how-it-happened air of the true episodes in the book and never makes the girls mere characters in a movie. Moreover, Gail Russell as Cornelia Otis Skinner and Diana Lynn as Emily Kimbrough seem to have shed their own era, so true are they to a young girl's idea of herself back in 1923. James Brown and Bill Edwards, as the shipboard companions of Cornelia and Emily, are also typical collegiates of the period. The wholesome simplicity of the Skinners, with Charles Ruggles playing the eminent actor and understanding father and Dorothy Gish the unobtrusively charming mother, makes a lovely portrait of an American stage family in the best tradition. Glimpses of the London and Paris which came through the last War practically unscathed are of nostalgic interest. But mostly the film is pure comedy, gentle, well-bred, and affectionately absurd. (Para.)



ALEXANDER KNOX AS WOODROW WILSON

**WILSON.** Clothed in dignity and taste so far as Woodrow Wilson's private life is concerned, and painted in revealing, hurly-burly detail when political history is being outlined, this biography of a reticent, scholarly president in an era distorted with tremendous national growing pains is superlative motion picture entertainment. If one is disappointed because Wilson's ideals of rectitude in government and responsibility in international relations do not dominate the film, it should be remembered that they were snowed under at the time. To be sure, what was deathless in Wilson's philosophy, what was prophetic in his warnings against isolation, will be strongly brought from the memories of adults as the film is seen. But the screen, with historical fidelity, obscures them with the conditions which existed at the time—personal bitterness, venomous gossip, the adolescent assertiveness of a country not yet certain of its own greatness. Aside from its reconstruction of an epoch, its biting depiction of such national weaknesses as boss political rule, personal animosities in high places, and the like, the film is a masterpiece of narrative. The telling of this episodic story, with constant shifts from Wilson's personal tragedies to the intricacies of democracy in action, and back again, is so dramatic that one's interest never slackens. To our mind, however, less emphasis on Wilson's private life and more on his political philosophy and the fervor it aroused in the Young America of his day would have made an infinitely greater film. (20th Century-Fox)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

**Excellent**

### OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY WILSON

## Are You in the Know?



How much should you tip?

- ☐ 10%
- ☐ A dime for each
- ☐ Fifty cents

What is she doing?

- ☐ Slicing
- ☐ Dribbling
- ☐ Lobbing

While you cheer from the sidelines—your team's star is *dribbling* the ball. She's going places, but fast! And what's to keep you from going places—basketball games or wherever? Surely not "difficult" days! Not when the super safety and comfort of Kotex can be yours! You see, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. It protects you in an *extra special* way. And the softness of Kotex has *staying-power*. Unlike other pads, it doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch, but actually *stays soft while wearing!* So why shouldn't a girl be carefree, more comfortable—with Kotex\* sanitary napkins?



Which neckline flatters a l-o-n-g neck?

- ☐ V
- ☐ Deep Oval
- ☐ High

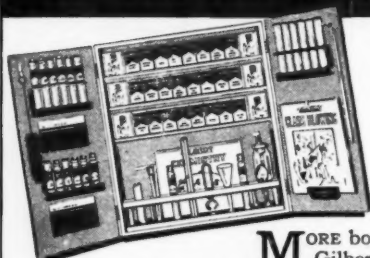
Poets write about "swanlike" necks—but never an ode to an ostrich! No need to emphasize your lovely long throat. Wear your necklines *high*, wide and handsome . . . round or square. "Choker" beads will flatter you, too. So will *personal daintiness*. Don't neglect it, on "those" days above all. Remember Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was made for use on sanitary napkins. Quest removes all question of offending. It's the safe, unscented powder that keeps you assured—and sweet.

**STOP GUESSING!** If you're teen age, you'll want the free booklet "As One Girl To Another." Learn do's and don'ts for difficult days—the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts. Address: P. O. Box 3434, Chicago 54, Illinois.

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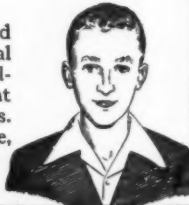
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## LONE OAK FARM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

There I would find drowned insects, water-smoothed pebbles, the armor-plates of a sturgeon, the skeletons of herring gulls. Amid the dunes little lizards, called six-lined swifts, would whisk out of sight at my approach, and on the yellow page of the open sand I would find, written in tracks and tracteries, a record of all the small creatures which had passed that way.

Time always raced by on days we spent in the dunes. On the journey home in the late afternoon, I would have much to look at and much to remember. The latter included not only all that I had seen, but also all that I had eaten. For on such occasions our picnic feasts were something long to remember. In the shade of some duneside tree, we would spread out blankets for a table and then attack clusters of deviled eggs, mounds of sandwiches, dishes of potato salad, piles of fried chicken, quarts of lemonade, cakes—some with walnuts in the frosting—and finally ice cream. On some trips, there would even be a striped watermelon for good measure. I used to run around on the beach "to settle my dinner" and then return for more. Back in the Lone Oak farmhouse that evening, while Gram read, I would sort over the accumulated treasures that I had brought home from the shore.

The immense oak tree which for so long

## Have a Coca-Cola = Merry Christmas



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The spirit of Christmas is friendliness—a time to get together with friends and family. There's a whole story of hospitality in the three words *Have a "Coke"*,—three words that express a friendly spirit the whole year 'round. Yes, Coca-Cola and the pause that refreshes are everyday symbols of a way of living that takes friendliness for granted.



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had been a landmark in the region, began to die when I was a small boy. For upwards of two centuries, it had remained rooted in that spot to the west of the farmhouse. Its top towered fully a hundred feet above the ground. The gradual decay and the final crashing descent to the earth of this old tree were great events in our lives at the farm. Around the successive stages of change, as the tree died, I watched whole populations of insects and birds and animals succeed each other. Each step in the decline and decay of the great tree brought new inhabitants and their attendant parasites.

Fungus entered the wood and crept downward from branch to branch. Woodpeckers hollowed out nest-holes with their chisel-bills. Under the loosening bark, engraver beetles tunneled out their elaborate patterns which looked like centipedes engraved on wood. Carpenter ants and carpenter bees bit their way into the dry and dead wood, and the yellow-brown frass of the powder-post beetles began to sift down about the base of the decaying tree.

Watching this sequence of events, this coming and going of successive populations, was like observing the turning of a great wheel of life with the oak tree as its hub. It gave me a first-hand glimpse which I have never forgotten of the interrelationship of plant and animal life, of the vast web of nature which binds all living things together. It helped me understand the effect of constantly changing environment upon the small creatures which were my dune-country companions.

This understanding was still another gift which I received, as a beginning naturalist, from the lone oak tree and the farm to which it gave its name. It was my great good fortune, in early years, to know the varied acres of this old homestead, for it provided one of the finest possible schools—a natural school in natural history.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Those who have read with delight this charming article, "Lone Oak Farm," written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by the distinguished naturalist, nature photographer, lecturer, and author, Edwin Way Teale, will be interested to learn of some of the honors which have been bestowed upon Mr. Teale in recognition of his outstanding work. He is at the present time president of the New York Entomological Society; member of the Council of the New York Academy of Sciences; contributing editor of the *Audubon Magazine*; and member of the *Explorer's Club*. His nature books were awarded the John Burroughs medal in 1943. These books, "Grassroot Jungles," "The Golden Throng," "Near Horizons," and "Dune Boy" (which has the same theme as "Lone Oak Farm") have been published in Europe as well as the United States, and most of them have been transcribed into Braille for the use of the blind. Mr. Teale's exceptionally beautiful nature photographs have been published in periodicals in seven countries and have been widely used as illustrations for encyclopedias and textbooks. Other articles written for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* by Mr. Teale and illustrated with his photographs are "Flowers That Fly" (June 1944); "Summer School for Woodland Babies" (June 1943); "Pets on Film" (September 1943); and "Citizens of a Waxed City" (May 1943).



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DECEMBER, 1944

35

## TRUMPETS SOUNDED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

kept moving automatically, always south. Was he cold? Tired? Hungry? These were matters not to be considered. These were affairs one was concerned about in the world he had left behind. Now he had only one thought, to go on. South and south and south.

The edges of the man's buffalo-skin cloak were spread over the horse like a shield. They paused but seldom. Then the horse had all the cloak. The man stumbled through the snow, thrashing his arms about himself for warmth, and then he warmed the horse with rubbing. But he could no longer rub the creature briskly. His movements were slow, as though his body were exhausted, as though, like the horse, he did these things from habit.

Sometimes Portugee Phillips slept on the horse's back. But the horse went on, though the rider would not have realized, perhaps, if he had stopped.

Portugee Phillips was asleep when the war whoop sounded. He woke with a start, casting himself prone along the horse's neck. The Indians were after them.

The man's voice was urgent. It was the first time he had spoken aloud. At the strange, almost incoherent flood of syllables, the horse lifted his feet and fled in a daze.

An Indian pony slipped and fell, and the nearest Indian was not able to stop his horse. There was a melee of Indians and horses in the snow.

After a time Portugee Phillips and the Colonel's mount had the trail to themselves again. They continued moving south.

They came to the poorly manned Fort Reno, in the nighttime. There was food there for the horse and his rider, food and warmth. But only briefly. The fort had not a man to spare. Portugee Phillips never thought of asking for another horse. Perhaps he was too tired, or perhaps he would trust no other. As he left, he said something about avoiding the trail.

"The trail is the only possible way you can reach Crazy Horse Station," came the shout after them. Portugee Phillips only hunched a little lower. He did not reply.

Possible or not, at Buffalo Wallow the Colonel's mount yielded to the pulling rein and turned aside, off the trail. There was every treachery under foot to trick him now, hidden tree branch and upthrusting point of stone. There was no trail, no safety for man or beast. But the Colonel's horse made his way through. Five miles below Crazy Woman's Fork where the Indians had waited, he struck the trail once more. Dry Fork of the Powder River, Humphrey's Camp, and Sage Creek were behind him. He was somewhere between Fort Caspar and Bridger's Ferry.

And there the long-thwarted Indians caught up with them. Arrows sang past the horse's ears, but they did not touch him. There was a bend—and there was a trail and fleetness to his feet. He was running now as easily as he had run when he was a colt, running swiftly, almost joyfully. The race was not long, but it was sufficient.

Behind him the horses of the Sioux seemed to have weights on their feet. They were tired

(Continued on page 37)

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#### CALIFORNIA

**LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA:** California is the second largest state in the Union, but it ranks first in lots of other ways. Here in California there's every kind of climate—and there's the ocean with its beaches. The broad, blue Pacific smiles up to each new arrival just as it did to Balboa so many years ago.

Mountains, too! The high Sierra Nevadas with their snowy summits are really majestic. The only things to compare with them are the sequoias or redwoods. These trees are so large you can park a car inside of one of them. Indeed the Redwood Highway, which runs through one of the forests, goes right through some of the trees.

We have the desert, hot as any desert could be. Death Valley is one of the well known spots because it is the lowest place in the United States, two hundred and seventy-six feet *below* sea level; just so Mount Whitney, also in California, is fourteen thousand five hundred and four feet *above* sea level. Both of these places are in the same county, Inyo County.

We are supplying a great deal of the produce of the world. In southern California are numerous orange, lemon, and grape-fruit groves. In northern California, apples and cherries are raised, and the Imperial Valley is located in the central part of the State. It is called the "fruit basket" because it's the largest producing area in the State.

Of course it rains in California. It must, to make such a garden spot. Rain makes us feel refreshed, though, and makes us appreciate our abundant sunshine. *Sheila Vaughan . . .* **CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA:** Many girls have written about their States, so we thought we'd like to write about ours, golden California. We live in southern California, about thirty-five miles from Los Angeles.

Many of the people grow oranges and other citrus fruits here. During the winter, some mornings we wake up to find the sky and everything else black from smudge. (Smudging is the process of protecting fruit trees from frost by heat.) If the weather is particularly cold, we smudge the oranges when the temperature is 28° F. or below—for lemons, 30° F. or below. Oranges freeze at a lower temperature because they have more sugar in them than lemons. Last winter, we had very little smudging.

During peacetime, we could get practically any type of climate for our vacations. We live close to the mountains, beach, and desert. The soil in some places near us is very rocky

and sandy, especially since the flood of 1939. During the spring there are many kinds of wildflowers.

Our town, Claremont (population 3,057 by the 1940 census) is known mainly for its educational facilities. We have two colleges, besides several private schools. Our public schools have the highest standards of any of the schools around here.

*Carol and Phyllis Paige*

#### NEW MEXICO

**TUCUMCARI, NEW MEXICO:** New Mexico has a very small population, but out here we're mostly all tall, lean, and lanky, and we need plenty of room to stretch around in.

We have some of the finest schools in the United States. Our cities are just as modern as Chicago or New York, even if they aren't as large.

Did you know that more tourists are attracted to New Mexico than to any other State? We have beautiful rolling plains that have huge cacti and yucca (the State flower) blooming on them; there are scenic mountains with tall pine and cedar trees; in fact, there's about everything anyone could wish for in New Mexico, not even counting the internationally famous Carlsbad Caverns, the ruins of the ancient Cliff Dwellers, and the White Sands National Monument.

*Virginia Nylander*

#### KENTUCKY

**LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY:** I live on one of the highest hills in Louisville, the largest city in our State. From my home I can overlook the Ohio River and the Kentucky Institute of the Blind, with its large dome which reminds you of the White House.

Kentucky is famous for its beautiful and fast horses. I'm glad to know that people in other States appreciate our thoroughbreds. I had a great thrill this spring when I saw my first Kentucky Derby.

As you ride through the hills of Kentucky you see many rolling fields of tobacco, corn, and wheat. They make a very beautiful picture. *Charmaine Goemmer . . .* **LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY:** We made a study of the Kentucky mountains and their people in school this past semester. The songs you hear on the radio are not always the mountain songs, but are sometimes poorly jazzed and murdered arrangements of the really nice folksongs handed down from the first settlers from Ireland and Scotland. The descendants of these people have fallen into rather primitive ways

due to being so isolated. Now, however, they—particularly the younger ones—are learning the ways of the outside world, though the old-timers may be a little prejudiced yet.

Kentucky has beautiful scenery and natural features such as Mammoth Cave. We also rate high for historical spots and monuments. Our famous blue grass is only blue in the spring and in a certain light; however the horses and the yearly Derby are as lovely and thrilling as ever described.

We have hot and cold extremes. It is zero occasionally in the winter—and last summer it was a hundred and six degrees one day in the cooler residential section.

*Emily Sauer*

#### MISSISSIPPI

**MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI:** I live down South and I would like to tell you something about it. If you could see the cotton fields when the cotton is ready to be picked, you would admit it is a beautiful sight—and with the Negroes picking it, it is a memorable sight.

I live only a hundred and eight miles from the coast. In the city where I live, there are small mountains covered with pine and dogwood trees. No one would dare say the South isn't beautiful. In many parts the trees are covered with dark hanging moss.

Just because we're in the Deep South, don't think we have hot weather all the time. In the winter it doesn't snow much, but it's so cold that if you leave a big jar of water out all night, the next morning it is frozen to the bottom and the jar is cracked.

In the summer the thermometer sometimes reaches one hundred degrees and over.

Give me the Deep South! I hope I will always live there. *Charmaine Bosarge . . .*

**SUMNER, MISSISSIPPI:** I live in the Mississippi delta and the land here is very flat and fertile. We raise cotton, as you know, and it is, by all means, the main crop. Almost everywhere you look you see cotton fields (we live next to one.) In our town, we have one cotton gin and just outside is another. Of course there are many more near us.

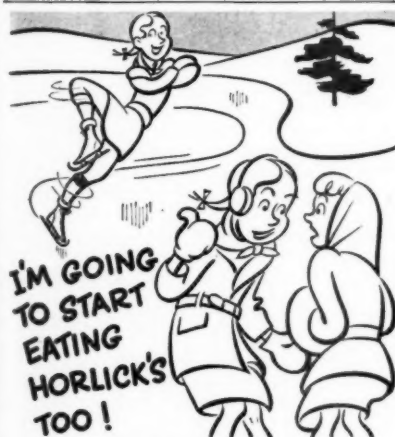
By the way, very few people in the delta ever have serious cases of malaria. We do have mosquitoes and people do get malaria, but it is not so bad as some people think.

It is very hot here in the summer and not too cold in the winter. Last winter we had snow a foot deep—which is the deepest we have had in a long time. That probably sounds queer to you people in the North.

*Sara Jo Pennebaker*



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DECEMBER, 1944

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## TRUMPETS SOUNDED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

and rebellious. Perhaps they were captured horses, unfriendly to their riders.

All the Colonel's horse knew was that his master looked back once and cried out in amazement. Then the horse sensed nothing further until the man drew rein and dismounted at Crazy Horse Station.

The horse's head almost touched the ground as he waited. In a moment it would be over. His master would come out and care for him. They had accomplished the impossible.

But when Portugee Phillips came out, he stared up at the telegraph wire, sagging above him. With difficulty, he heaved himself into the saddle.

"We must go on," he muttered.

On? But the Colonel's horse could not go on. Not any further. Laramie lay a long way beyond. As far—why, as far as eternity itself.

But he was going on. One foot and then another, slowly, painfully. He was going on.

The man laughed aloud, harshly. "The operator," he gasped as though every word hurt him, "says it is Christmas Eve."

Then something peculiar in the landscape struck both man and horse at the same time. The man stiffened and the horse sniffed the air. Both looked back. Crazy Horse Station was in flames.

The Indians had arrived. They were still after them.

"On!" mumbled the man. "On!"

The horse's legs moved up and down. He was going on. He had always been going on, it seemed.

The man babbled sometimes, and sometimes was still. Whether he was asleep or not, the horse scarcely knew or cared. But Portugee Phillips stayed in the saddle and the Colonel's mount went on.

It grew colder and colder. But at last the lights of Fort Laramie were in sight. The horse wavered from side to side. He had passed the point where he could sense hunger or weariness. He moved forward now only at the insistence of the man's babbling, the repeated word, "On!" He never knew when he raised a foot. But before him the lights of Fort Laramie seemed to be some strange goal he must reach.

One hundred and ninety miles through the storm he had gone to Crazy Horse Station. And Fort Laramie lay forty miles beyond that. Through the night, and the day, and the night again. But now that journey was almost ended. Fort Laramie was at hand.

The gate opened and the Colonel's horse staggered in through the storm and cold.

"Kearny," muttered Portugee Phillips, rousing as from a dream. And again, "Dispatches."

"Over there," pointed the sentry, "Bedlam!" He added, "Bedlam is the name of the officers' club."

Portugee Phillips sat on the horse's back, staring. And the sentry, not realizing the man's exhausted condition, explained cheerily, "They're dancing. Man, don't you know it's Christmas?"

Suddenly Portugee Phillips's body crumpled and he fell from the horse's back. The sen-



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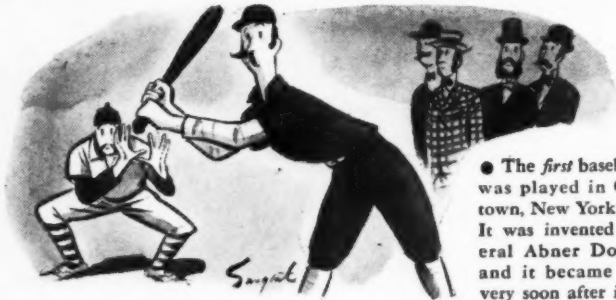
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try caught him in his arms and helped him toward the club. Someone opened the door of Bedlam and the strains of a violin came floating out into the night. Portugee Phillips stumbled over the threshold and fell again, and the dancers screamed. The man was covered with snow, and the icicles on his beard tinkled when he hit the floor.

Out on the parade ground, the horse gave a long sigh and closed his eyes. His head sank lower and he swayed dizzily. Then the strain of music which he had heard deepened and was all about him.

He stared unbelievably. For he stood firmly on his feet again, and before him a wide gate was standing open, a gate which led into a green pasture gilded with sun, with the blue of still water beyond. The pasture was lush with grass and filled with horses—they raised their heads to look at him. One horse nickered in a friendly fashion. The Colonel's mount recognized the horse as Captain Fetterman's bay.

From the corners of his eyes, the horse noticed a series of flashes such as trumpets make when they are lifted upward in the sun by a trumpeter's practiced hand.

The horses in the pasture began grazing again. Only Fetterman's bay waited, with head uplifted. The Colonel's mount moved cautiously forward.

The gate swung wider. Into the Green Pasture, his exhaustion forgotten, went the Colonel's mount. And suddenly all the trumpets sounded.

## HAVE CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

parison to peacetime feasts, yet so much happier than Karen thought it could possibly be this wartime season—they made their way to the living room.

Suddenly the doors were thrown open and there was the tree, star-topped and decorated with tinsel and flags saved from other years. But instead of the dozens of candles with which it was usually lighted, a few small candle-stubs burned bravely.

The children stood in the doorway, their eyes shining. Even hatred and misery and fear couldn't quite kill the feeling of Christmas.

Grandfather seated himself beside the Christmas tree, the huge, leather-covered family bible on his lap, and read, slowly, the Christmas story:

*"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city."*

*"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem."*

The lights flickered and Grandfather's voice was sad. Karen thought he must be recalling other Christmases when the room was packed with his children and their children, and the tidings of hope rang true in a world full of hope. When the story was ended, they all sang Christmas hymns together, as they had always done.

There was a sudden rapping at the door. Grandmother, who had gone out for a min-

ute, peered in from outside. "Come quickly," she said. "We must have had a visitor. Here is a basket outside the door."

That's the way Santa Claus had often left gifts before, though for a couple of years—Olav had been completely fooled the first time!—Uncle Thorvald had dressed up in a Santa Claus costume and had come in, carrying his heavy sack of presents. Eagerly Karen and Gerd and Olav crowded to the door.

In the basket there were a few presents for everyone. Grandfather had secretly worked in his wood shop and made a new pair of skis for Karen and for Gerd. He had fashioned some wooden toys for Olav. Grandmother had unraveled an old sweater, and with that wool she had knitted a new sweater for Olav and mittens for the girls. Mother had stood in line for hours, in Oslo, on two successive days, to purchase two pairs of slippers, made out of paper and felt-soled, for the grandparents. Grandmother gave her an old brooch, a family heirloom. For Grandfather, Mother had succeeded in buying some tobacco.

After the presents had been exclaimed over and admired, Grandfather filled his pipe with his new tobacco and related some almost-forgotten legends of the Christmas season as they sat around the fragrant spruce tree. Karen liked best the one which tells how the animals talk on Christmas Eve—but shivers ran down her spine when Grandfather recalled the story of the raid of the Norse gods. This, when he was a boy, had been told him by a man from a northern village.

On Christmas Eve, so the story went, the villagers had been startled by wild shouting and great blasts of wind—and there, streaming down the mountainsides, shouting their battle cries, came the ancient gods, their fair locks waving! For December twenty-fourth, the eve of Christ's birth—which in Norway is the holiest time of the holy season—coincides with the ancient pagan mid-winter festival, celebrated in the dim centuries before the coming of Christianity with strange rites, with feasting and dancing, and songs shouted to the sun. And on this Christmas Eve, said the story, the gods—their reign having been overthrown by Christianity—came down again to battle for their lost lands. Long the battle raged; but when the bells rang for early service, the strength of the old gods left them and they were forced to retreat to their mountains.

"And that," said Grandfather, "reminds me! We shall be going to the dawn service down in the village church to-morrow morning—so now to bed. *God Jul*—and may God bless our coming year!"

"*God Jul*," they answered him.

ALMOST as soon as the lights were out, Karen, snug in bed, remembered Tomte, the household troll. Her eyes were heavy with sleep and the frosty night had made the rooms cold, but she felt she must not neglect Tomte. No one knew what might happen if you forgot the troll.

According to Scandinavian folk belief, each house has its own little man, wizened and old, with a long white beard and a peaked red cap worn rakishly, and a patched red jacket. All through the year, after all the people have gone to bed, the troll wanders about the house, putting out carelessly left fires, hush-

(Continued on page 42)

*Yours—  
for Christmas*



*Lucky you . . . to get the gift you want most . . . a Girl Scout uniform, so trim-looking, so practical. You will wear it the whole year round . . . to meetings, at community activities, everywhere . . . proud to be recognized as a Girl Scout.*



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# GOOD TIMES with

By MARJORIE CINTA



AN ILLUSTRATION BY MARGARET AYER  
FOR "THE GIRL WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

**The Girl Without a Country** (Nelson, \$2) by Martha Lee Poston is the story of an American girl's long trek over war-ravaged China to Chungking. The girl, Margaret Bond, felt that she belonged to no country, for she was a foreigner in China where she and her doctor father made their home and on visits to America she was ill-at-ease. When Pearl Harbor was bombed, she followed her father's plans and escaped alone in disguise to start on her hazardous journey to America. On the long trip she learned to know and love the Chinese people—to admire their kindness, patience, endurance, courage, and their love of fun. She made many friends and had exciting adventures before she reached Chungking where she caught a plane for America. Talking easily with the American pilots, Margaret realized she really had two countries instead of one, for she was sure she would now feel at home in the safe haven of America and her recent experiences had given her a deep sympathy and love for her adopted country. The author, herself the daughter of a medical missionary in China, was born in Shanghai and was graduated from the Shanghai American School.

Girls who like to write will find a friend in Janet Laidlaw of *The Silver Pencil* (Scribner's, \$2.50) by Alice Dalgliesh. Janet, a British subject living in tropical Trinidad, was shy and sensitive and full of imagination which she poured out in plays for her classmates to perform. But she had strength and courage, too, as she proved during the years before she won success with the silver pencil her father gave her to use in writing stories. When Janet went "home" to England, she enjoyed her school days there, saw the "purple heather hills" of her father's native Scotland, and felt shivers of patriotic pride at the coronation of King George V and Queen Mary. When she first came to this country for kindergarten training, many unfamiliar things puzzled her (though later she became a citizen of the United States). Teaching did not come easy and it took stamina to stick it out until she had earned her degree. She faced an unhappy love affair bravely, and it was her pluck during a crippling attack of arthritis that brought the silver pencil out of hiding. This might be called a story of two careers—teaching and writing—but the engaging personality of the heroine and the varied backgrounds make it an unusually fine account of a girl's growing up and winning success through hard work and the courage to meet obstacles and disappointments.

Another shy heroine—a girl of your grandmother's generation—is Laurel Marsh of the "Marsh Family Orchestra" in *The Secret Spring* (Winston, \$2) by Emma Atkins Jacobs. Laurel, who played the piano, could face an audience with composure, but she quailed before personal contacts with individuals. She was determined, however, to acquire some of the friendliness and poise that made her four brothers so popular, and when her family contracted to play on the Chautauqua Circuit it seemed a fine time to begin her campaign against shyness. A little red trunk which she purchased at auction added the spice of mystery, danger, and romance to a summer of work and play during which she took advantage of all Chautauqua had to offer, resolutely seizing every opportunity for social contacts no matter what they cost her in inner agony. Her efforts were not in vain, for she became the belle of the season and she had the satisfaction of winning a part and making a hit in the most important Chautauqua play. Beside mystery and romance, this story gives an interesting picture of Chautauqua in 1905.

For would-be nurses, there is *Gail Gardner Wins Her Cap* (Dodd, \$2) by Margaret Sutton, who, herself a Red Cross Nurses' Aide, has drawn on her own firsthand nursing knowledge and her Cadet Nurse niece's actual experience for this story. In fact, the diary which plays so important a part in Gail's life is based on the diary of a real Cadet Nurse, so reading this book will be like enjoying an authentic preview of the nursing profession—and especially the new Cadet Nurse program—along with the suspense and excitement of Gail's adventures. For only Gail's fierce determination could have carried her through the difficulties that dogged her heels from the moment she entered City Hospital. She had her share of the ordinary mishaps to which any probationer is heir, but there were also serious troubles like being accused of arson and theft. The spirit in which she approached her profession and faced her difficulties was courageous, and she deserved to be present at the beautiful capping ceremony with which the book ends.

*A Dipperful of Stars* (Follett, \$2) by Lou Williams, will be welcomed by Girl Scouts who aspire to the Star Finder badge, or by anyone who is interested in learning to recognize the constellations, or to know the myths and legends that have been told about these star groups from the dawn of history. In clear, readable style and with the help of numerous drawings and photographs, the author, beginning with the Big Dipper, locates the star groups of the Northern Hemisphere and tells fascinating stories about them which have come down to us from the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks, and the American Indians. The book contains stirring accounts of other universes than ours, of the sun and moon, and of the planets. *A Dipperful of Stars* is a thoroughly enjoyable and reliable introduction to astronomy.

## BOOKS



**From Star to Star** (Lippincott, \$2) by Eric P. Kelly is a story of the famous University of Krakow. Roman, son of a Polish nobleman, renounced his heritage to continue his studies in the exciting, dangerous days just after the discovery of America when Europe was seething with the "New Learning." Robbed of his money and unable to appeal to his irate father for aid, Roman managed to earn his own way and also to render a number of services to the University through his honesty and courage. He found the life more tumultuous, but even more satisfying than he had expected. He saw men fight in the streets over conflicting theories; he was inspired by a fellow student, Copernicus, who was just arriving at the startling belief that man's theories of astronomy and not the stars were wrong; and he earned not only the respect of his fellows but of his father as well. You will find Mr. Kelly's vigorous picture of a medieval university and its ways an absorbing contrast to modern college life and customs.

Author of many books about Colonial days, Gertrude Robinson writes of New England in 1660, in **Fox Fire** (Dutton, \$2). Paul and Hepsy Turner of this story are fine examples of the brave, self-reliant, clear-thinking boys and girls who helped to build America. Spirited, red-headed Hepsy faced hostile Indians, the dread accusation of being a witch, and a grueling trial before harsh Puritan judges, with the gallantry which stands up to danger. Paul, as firm in the face of peril as his sister, had the moral courage to do what he believed to be right, no matter how difficult—even accepting a year's captivity among the Indians when that seemed to be his duty. When the old Chief was preparing to adopt him as a grandson Paul acted with resolute speed, making his escape in time to aid in the rescue of Hepsy. Roger Williams and the Colonial physician, John Clark, friends of the Turners, and two fictitious characters—Father Jerome, a Jesuit priest, and James Barrett, a trader of Providence—helped Paul to envision a great, liberty-loving nation springing from thirteen bickering, superstition-ridden Colonies—and to dedicate himself to the accomplishment of this dream.

To gladden the heart of a small brother or sister at Christmas, there is a gay and beautiful book which is sure to claim the admiring attention of the whole family—**Animal Stories** (Simon and Schuster, \$1.50) with forty-eight original stories by Georges Duplaix and two hundred delightful pictures in color by Feodor Rojankovsky. Mr. Rojankovsky's animal pictures are irresistible and Mr. Duplaix's stories, nonsense jingles, poems, and fables about animals of every kind—barnyard animals and wild animals, large animals and small animals—are gems in simple direct style. They are well within the language range of small children, but, like the pictures, they will have a strong appeal for readers of any age.

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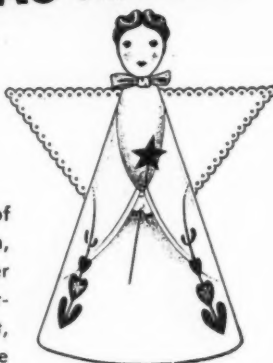
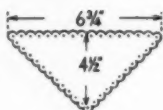
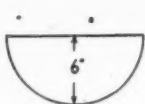
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# Let's make A CHRISTMAS ANGEL



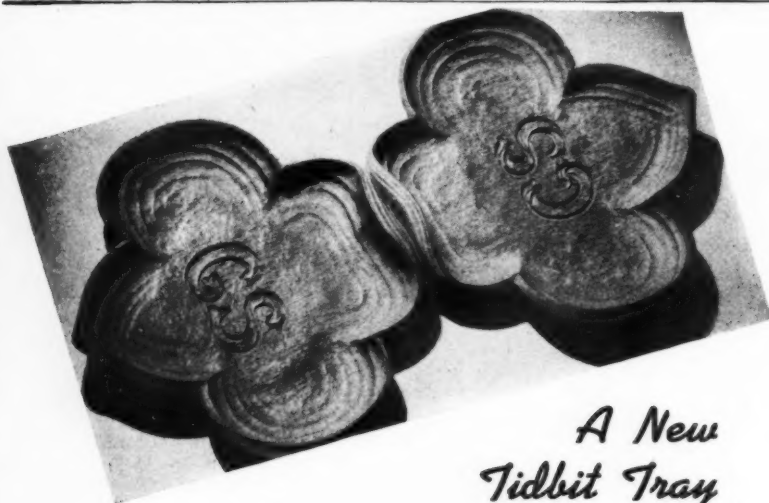
To make a Christmas Angel for the top of the Christmas tree or for table decoration, first make a half-circle of firm white paper and roll into a cone, pasting the overlapped ends together at the back. Next, draw a head and paste inside the top of the cone. Then cut out a triangle with straight

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## HAVE CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

ing fretful animals in their stalls, seeing that they have their proper feed, caring for all the little things that may be forgotten. But on Christmas Eve he feels that he himself ought to be remembered.

So Karen rose, shivering. Stepping gingerly on the cold floor, she made her way to the kitchen. There was still some light from the coals on the open hearth. She had remembered the troll during dinner and had saved part of her rice cereal especially for him. In her portion she had found the precious almond, which is supposed to bring luck, and she had saved that, too, for Tomte. She hoped no one had noticed her—probably it was silly for a fourteen-year-old girl to half-believe in the troll.

She pulled a low bench up by the fire and set a foot-stool beside it; that would serve as a table and chair for Tomte. She spread a clean napkin on the bench and went to bring her plate from the place where she had hidden it, on a corner shelf.

There was a sound at the end of the kitchen. A door was softly opening. Karen stood still. And then she saw—it was Grandmother. She was carrying a red candlestick and a glass of milk. She and Karen smiled at one another.

"I remembered the troll," Karen whispered. "I, too. These are for him." Grandmother laughed softly. "He must be humored. We need him more than ever these days."

They stood by the troll's table and Grandmother lit the candle-stub. "That's my last candle," she sighed. "But perhaps next year we shall have peace again—and candles."

The coals were still glowing. Their reflections danced on the huge roof beams. Karen's eyes were heavy with sleep. Soon it would be time to get up for Christmas church and drive down to the village under the waning stars and the fading northern lights. But still she stood, thinking that all Norwegians, even the trolls—the little men whose tribe lives under the mountains—have stuck by Norway through these bitter years.

It will be something to remember, Karen thought, in the good years to come. Something to remember, the very first Christmas Eve of peace.

## DARK HOLLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"I haven't half thanked you, Martha—" he began, but the tinny rattle of Jay's old jalopy interrupted him, and Jay himself, more gnome-like than ever in a peaked cap and an overcoat too large for him, brought Minnie into the room.

"I can't stay," he piped. "Got to meet the early train," and left without further ado. I slipped my hand under Minnie's elbow and led her to a chair. Her pale eyes were dull in her thin white face.

"My father's dead," she said wearily. "Mebbe it's best he's gone. He wuz allus on the wrong side, somehow, an' now he can't git into no more trouble."

(Continued on page 44)



### Patriotic

MARY: Do you know what the patriotic worm did?

HARRY: No, I don't! What?

MARY: He joined the Apple Corps—  
*Sent by CAROL NELSON, Tyler, Minnesota.*

### Grocery Bill

A woman looking over her grocery bill found this item, "One tom cat 30 cents." She called up her grocer and demanded indignantly to know what he meant by putting such a charge on her bill.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Brown," he replied. "That's just an abbreviation we use for tomato catsup."

*Sent by SUZANNE PRAY, Fort Dodge, Iowa.*

### The Linguist

MOTHER (speaking to her three-year-old son.): Can you understand what Baby is saying?

SON: Well, Mommie, she sounds to me like she's going to be a little Chinese girl.—*Sent by KAY NEWMAN, Pittsburg, Kansas.*

### Reasonable

"Why did you leave your last job?"

"Illness. The boss got sick of me."—*Sent by PATRICIA BARTLETT, Brokaw, Wisconsin.*

### Cruel



JOE (passing his plate for a third helping): Boy, these pigs' feet are good! I could live on them all my life.

JOSIE: Well, pigs have done it before.—*Sent by MARY YOTSHALL, Urbana, Illinois.*

### The Prize-Winning Joke

#### No Hope of It



"Daddy," said the talkative six-year-old son to his long-suffering father, "am I made of dust?"

"I'm afraid not. If you were, you'd dry up now and then," said his father.—*Sent by ANNA LOUISE SCHROYER, Waynesboro, Pennsylvania.*

*Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.*

### Campus Note

ALUMNUS: I understand they have speeded up college courses for you fellows who are going into the service.

UNDERGRAD: Speeded up! Say, I took a shower the other day, and when I got back to classes I'd missed my whole Sophomore year.—*Sent by MARY WINTERS, Clayton, New Mexico.*

### Comeback

Young Alec was watching a house painter at work. Presently he asked, "How many coats of paint do you give a door?"

"Two," was the reply.

"Then if you gave it a third coat," said the boy facetiously, "would it be an overcoat?"

"No, my lad," retorted the painter grimly. "It would be a waste coat."—*Sent by ALBERTA PROVOST, Charlevoix, Michigan.*

### Word to the Wise



BELLE: A sharp nose usually indicates curiosity.

NELL: And a flattened one may indicate too much curiosity.—*Sent by VIRGINIA THERIAULT, Rochester, Michigan.*

### Arithmetic

FARMER (to a boy who could count only up to five): Curly, go and count the pigs for me.

CURLY (a little later): I counts five pigs, suh, but dey was four more runnin' roun' so fas' I couldn't count 'em.—*Sent by LILLIE BESS PARSONS, Pickens, South Carolina.*

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## DARK HOLLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

I squeezed her hand for comfort. There didn't seem to be anything to say.

"Mebbe," she said, her voice quavering, "they'll put me in jail, too."

"I don't think so, Minnie," Terry said cheerfully. "Here, drink this nice hot coffee and stop worrying. Doc Meadows'll look out for you. Probably he'll fix things so you can stay right on here. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"He's been awful kind to me," Minnie said, clasping her grimy fingers around the cup to warm them. "You all have. But I don't deserve to have Miss Elly—"

"Nonsense!" Elly said, bustling in. "I'm glad to have you, Minnie. You and Martha saved Terry's life. And I guess, if I offer to be responsible for you, the doctor won't have any trouble getting permission for you to stay here right along. We'll get some flesh on those bones, and send you to vocational school maybe. You're going to find out how good life can be. Now let's all stop chattering and go to bed. You, too, Terry. Go home and let your mother have an easy mind about you while she can."

"Sending me home, huh?" Terry laughed. "Hospitable Elly Fairfield! Well, when my hostess puts me out, I suppose I have to go. Good-night, you two. Martha's stepping out on the porch with me for a minute to watch the sun rise over the lake."

"My land, daylight already!" Elly cried. "Don't stay long, Martha. Wrap that quilt around her, Terry."

"Now, then, isn't this worth-while?" Terry asked, as we stood on the glassed-in porch, and I fairly caught my breath at the beauty of the scene. Behind the sharp peak of Camel's Hump on the Vermont shore the eastern sky was all ablaze; the lake a rippling expanse of palest rose.

"Think of this, and I will, too, when we're back at the grind again," Terry said.

"I'll remember it," I promised. "Terry, what did Elly mean about your mother? Not just that she's worried about your enlisting next June? Elly sounded as though she meant something even more serious than that."

Terry shrugged. "Mother hasn't been very happy about my part in this affair of Doc's," he said. "She's afraid it will make me all the keener about going into the Intelligence Service. And it has," he smiled, his eyes kindling. "It's my choice, first and last. So wish me luck, Martha."

"Good luck, Terry!" I choked. "And I think you're right to stick out for what you feel you can do best!"

"That's the girl," He looked far out into the promise of the dawn-bright sky. "You'll be going back to school, of course, and maybe to college. But don't forget a fellow, will you, Martha?"

"No, Terry, I won't," I told him, shakily. "I won't forget you—ever."

*Of what avail the plough or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fail?*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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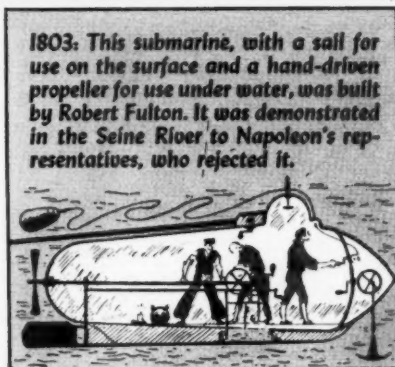


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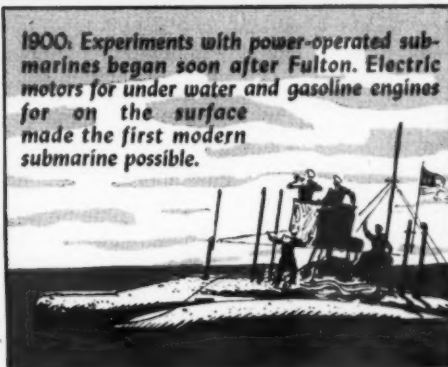
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submarines from the  
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to World War II.



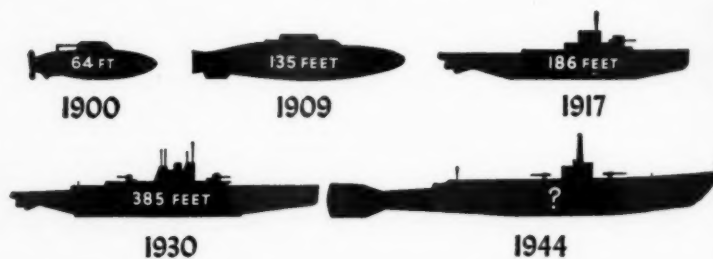
1776: Daniel Bushnell in this acorn-shaped wooden "Turtle" tried to blow up the British ship "Eagle."



1803: This submarine, with a sail for use on the surface and a hand-driven propeller for use under water, was built by Robert Fulton. It was demonstrated in the Seine River to Napoleon's representatives, who rejected it.



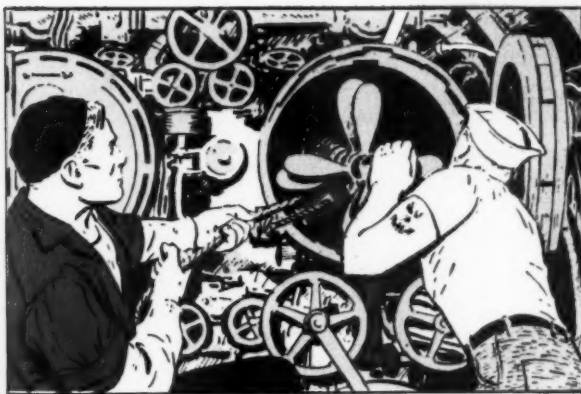
1900: Experiments with power-operated submarines began soon after Fulton. Electric motors for under water and gasoline engines for on the surface made the first modern submarine possible.



1917: World War I submarines were twice the size of those of 1900. Their Diesel engines gave greater power, and water fuel tanks enabled them to stay submerged longer. These engines also drove generators to recharge the storage batteries.



1944: Submarines today are several times as large as in 1917, nearly twice as fast, can submerge to greater depths, make longer cruises.



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